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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN THE SICK-CHAMBER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
FROM SKETCHES BY ALBERT SHULTS.—SEE PAGE 361.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1881.

FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TRAGEDY.

WE give in the present number additional illustrations of some of the incidents following upon the recent tragedy at Washington, together with portraits of a number of the prominent actors in the sad scenes of the past fortnight. Our pictures of the sick-room of the President are from sketches taken with the consent of the persons attending at his bedside. A *Herald* dispatch thus refers to an incident connected with the taking of these sketches:

"If the slightest unusual stir is made in that wing of the house the President notices it immediately. Yesterday morning an artist for an illustrated paper was sketching the sick-room from one adjoining it, getting views between the President's naps. Colonel Rockwell and Major Swain were looking over the artist's shoulder. The President, waking, saw them in that intent position through the open doorway, and wanted to know what was up. Mrs. Garfield said that the gentlemen were only chatting together, but he seemed to fear something about him was being talked about, and would not rest until his wife told him that it was only an artist sketching his room."

Our illustrations of the attempted assassination and of subsequent events growing out of it have afforded the only accurate and complete pictorial history of the affair which has been given, and the enormous sales of the various editions attest very conclusively the public appreciation of the enterprise of Frank Leslie's Publishing House. We mean to hold in every respect the position and admitted lead we have long enjoyed in the illustrated journalism of the country.

THE LESSON OF CALAMITY.

WHEN the first great thrill of horror passed through the land on the sudden announcement that the President had been struck down at his post of duty in Washington, it was but natural that the public mind should have been too much stunned by the blow to measure the act in all its probable consequences. And then, as for several days the hopes and the fears of the people alternated with the failing or rising pulses of the distinguished sufferer, it was equally natural that the public solicitudes should have mainly attached themselves to the person of the smitten President, to the bearing of his heroic wife, and to the bulletins of his physicians.

But now, when a sufficient interval has elapsed since his attempted assassination to begot the hope that his life may be spared for the welfare of the country, it is to be observed, as a first indication of the country's returning self-consciousness, that the public intelligence is beginning to take note of its own feelings and emotions in the presence of this tremendous strain on its sensibilities. As Samson made a pleasant riddle from the honey he found in the carcass of the lion, after the giant terror of the ravenous beast had been laid low, so the people, delivered, in a measure at least, from the mental paralysis superinduced by an appalling blow of political frenzy, are now beginning to look around them if haply they may find some drops of honey in the bitter cup that has been held to their lips by the hand of an assassin. As yet their search for consolation is pursued under the guise of an enigma dependent for its full and final solution on the ultimate issue to which the wavering balance of the national hopes and fears shall be at last conducted.

But whether this wavering balance shall settle at length on the side of assured delivery from impending calamity, or on the side of a national woe made actual in the presence of death, enough is already known to justify the public conscience in lifting up some heart of hope from the depth of the blank misgivings into which it was plunged by the first shock of a great affliction. Some things have been gained which no change in the fate of the President can put in jeopardy; and among the things which have thus been placed beyond the reach of adverse fortune we may fitly specify, first of all, the legitimate pride of the people in the serene dignity and becoming fortitude with which the President has borne the heavy weight of his personal sufferings. Without repining and without bravado, with a cool and calm courage, in which the best elements of a high intellectual and moral nature have been mingled with the life currents of a manly and healthy physical constitution, he has faced the prospect of death without blenching, and yet has summoned the full powers of a composed and resolute spirit to co-operate with the healing forces of Nature and the curative processes of medical science. If there be rulers of whom it has been said that they were happy "in the opportunity of their death," we may hereafter console ourselves with the thought that, in the election of President Garfield, the nation was fortunate enough

to have chosen a Chief Magistrate whose qualifications for wielding the sceptre of power were never more signally demonstrated than during these last few days, when, almost alone, he seems to have possessed his soul in patience while dismay fell on the hearts of the people.

And the people, too, have now sufficiently recovered from their dismay to find that much alloy of a spurious partisanship has been fused away from the fine gold of their patriotism in the furnace fires kindled for the whole nation by the hand of a single infuriated political incendiary. When the head of the nation was struck, the shudder of a genuine and patriotic sympathy ran as quickly through the South as through the North, through the ranks of Democrats as through the ranks of Republicans. The sense of national kinship and of national unity is shown to be deeper and stronger in the hearts of the people than any predilections of sect or section. Though parties may be the machinery by which our Presidents are elected, the people have shown, by the ready instinct of their quick and responsive sympathies, that they do not recognize in President Garfield anything less than the elected Chief of the whole nation. This demonstration, at least, has been made secure by the ordeal through which the country has already passed; and whatever destiny an untoward fate, lurking around the sick-bed of the stricken President, may possibly still have in reserve for the eventual disappointment of our hopes and wishes, we may, in any event, congratulate ourselves on so much gained to the cause of patriotism over the cause of party.

And if it shall please Divine Providence to spare the life of President Garfield, who can doubt that the flame of patriotism will be kindled to a new and purer ardor in his grateful breast, after he shall have returned to his public duties with a heart purified by the sufferings through which he has passed, and with feelings exalted high above the strife of parties by the aspirations with which he has been lifted to heaven on the prayers of a whole people? Henceforth, if he shall live, the whole people, by a fresh act of fealty, without example in the history of the nation, will have newly recognized him as their President, called back by their heartfelt and pious suffrages from the brink of the grave; and President Garfield will be other than we take him to be, in that event, he does not resume the duties of his high office with even a holier consecration than that which he received on the 4th of March last, amid the plaudits of assembled thousands.

Meanwhile, as hope and fear tremble in the scales so rudely shaken by the assassin's hand of an infuriated and besotted office-seeker, let us purge out, as far as possible, the leaven of office-seeking from the practices and the traditions of the Republic. To what base uses and crimes the frenzy may descend in the heart and brain of its demented devotees we see in the case of the demented maniac—if maniac he be—who has just plunged the nation in grief and horror. Happy will it be for the people if, recovering from their grief, they shall repent them of all the practices by which such maniacs are spawned in the sluices and sewers of a sordid politics, and if, without transferring from a Guiteau the horror in which he deserves to be held, they shall include in that detestation the whole pernicious and debasing system by which such monsters are bred for the confusion of the nation.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THE recent official statement of our national debt has a special significance at this time, when the successful refunding of the five and sixes, and the immense strides of the country at large in the matter of material prosperity, have given our fiscal affairs an unusual interest in the minds of the more intelligent portion of our population. Stripped of details that need not be enumerated here, the net debt of the General Government was, on the 1st instant, \$1,840,598,812, against \$1,942,172,295 at the same date last year, showing a reduction in that time of over one hundred millions of dollars, or in exact figures \$101,573,483.

This proof of our returning prosperity is certainly most gratifying, and, though the debt remaining may be regarded as very large, it is well to remember that the reduction made during the last fifteen years is something almost unprecedented in financial history. In 1860 the public debt was only \$64,842,000; but two years' experience of tented fields sent it up to \$524,176,000, and by 1866 it had reached \$2,773,236,000, or the highest point it ever touched. At one time, during General Jackson's administration, there was, it will be remembered, scarcely any national debt—\$291,000—but those were placid times compared with the stormy period through which the country has since passed.

The important reduction in the national debt within a year has been solely the result of largely increased foreign and domestic traffic. During the fiscal year just

closed the revenue reached \$363,250,000, against \$333,526,000 during the previous year, showing an increase of about \$30,000,000; the customs receipts rose from \$186,522,000 in 1880 to \$197,250,000 in 1881; and the receipts from internal revenue from \$124,000,000 in 1880 to \$135,000,000 in 1881—in 1879 the receipts from this source were only \$113,000,000.

As regards our bonded debt, it is of interest to notice that we have \$196,378,600 in six per cents., \$439,841,350 in five per cents., \$250,000,000 in four and a half per cents., and \$739,347,800 in four per cents. It is also interesting to notice that what appears to be an approximately accurate estimate places the number of persons who hold our entire national debt at probably not over 75,000, and certainly not over 100,000 individuals.

The increased revenue, both from foreign and domestic sources, is only another proof of the largely increased purchasing power of our people. The increased internal revenue receipts are, perhaps, even more conclusive evidence on this point than the increase in the foreign revenues. During the war almost everything taxable was taxed in the internal revenue code, but now the Government income from this source comes almost entirely from tobacco and liquors of various kinds; the people being more prosperous, are spending more money for these luxuries. A moralist might see grounds for apprehension in these facts, but he is a shallow observer who calls this an intemperate nation. The large consumption of tobacco in this country undoubtedly influences the national character somewhat; we use more tobacco—including the bulk of the Cuban crop—than any country in the world, securing the best grown and paying for it accordingly.

Some of the London financial journals, moved by the fact that the balance of trade is still in our favor, and that we are in receipt of largely increased revenues, are counseling us to cease paying our national debt and to abolish what they are pleased to term our excessive import duties, our "unfair system of protection." Whatever may be said touching the relative merits of free trade and protection, it may well provoke a smile to hear such advice from such a quarter. From a country burdened with the largest debt of any civilized nation—it now amounts to \$3,870,221,175—and where, moreover, a public debt is regarded by some distinguished statesmen as a public blessing, it is not strange to hear such advice, particularly as we pay a higher interest than any of the short list of nations whose promptness in this particular can be relied upon. British capitalists certainly do not wish our bonds retired in any hurry under the circumstances. It is scarcely necessary to add that the liquidation of our national debt will be conducted on business-like principles, and that the Treasury at Washington will not be managed as a sort of half-orphan asylum for the benefit of millionaires or others either at home or abroad.

ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IF art has been rightly defined as "the power of doing things acquired by experience, study or observation," then the President of the Dixon Penell Company has done a good thing in offering prizes for drawing in the public schools from this time forward. What our youth most need is the power of doing things, and our schools, in teaching everything else, have forgotten to teach this. "Our common people," said Professor Walter Smith, two years ago, "are educated above the demands of manual toil, though below the requirements of industrial productive skill." It is notorious that, while America excels in the coarser kinds of manufactures, in machinery and in the stouter textile fabrics, yet in all artistic workmanship she is far behind the rest of the civilized world. In perfecting our machinery we have lost sight of that finer machine, man, and his best abilities have become almost useless.

Never, surely, was such a senseless waste of material. It is not likely that nature has bestowed less originality upon Americans of the nineteenth century than she gave to Italians of the fifteenth, but the power of expressing original ideas does not, any more than reading and writing, come by nature. Drawing is one form of expression, as words are another—it is fully as fundamental a study as any one of the three R's, and as essential to the expression of a certain class of ideas as words are to a process of reasoning. It is, indeed, the only universal language. Those South African negroes who traced a plan of the rivers of their district in the sand taught Livingstone the facts of the watershed of the country far more clearly than they could have done in words, had he understood their dialect; and the skilled artisan, by a few strokes of his pencil, can put another in possession of a thought which pages of description would have failed to make clear to him.

The Italian of the Renaissance period was surrounded by beautiful forms; his

art education was carried on from the first moment of his existence; he learned to execute, as he learned to talk, by the natural method. To us the power of expression comes harder; but come it must by one means or another, or else for many of the essential purposes of life we must remain mute. Even in France, in Germany, in Belgium, where artistic forms are to be seen everywhere, the necessity of an art education for the working-people is acknowledged. How much greater must be its usefulness in a country like our own!

The French Commission, which was sent to examine the English Art School at South Kensington in 1863, said, "Among all the branches of instruction which, in different degrees, from the lowest to the highest grade, can contribute to the technical education of either sex, drawing in all its forms and applications has been almost unanimously regarded as the one which it is most important to make common." And accordingly, since that day, drawing has been introduced into the communal schools, while on every bridge and municipal building in Paris may be seen placards showing where the working-man may receive free instruction in art in evening classes. One of the commonest sights in such public galleries as the Louvre is a coarsely-dressed, rough-handed artisan, copying in his notebook the pattern of a frieze, or the details of a bit of decoration in a picture, or the ornamentation of some antique bit of goldsmith's work, carefully exhibited under a glass case. Such a sight as this goes to explain why the value of American imports of manufactured goods, into which art enters, is six times as great as that of our exports of the same class. A training in art, as applied to industry, would go far to meet such drains upon our finances.

It is ten years since the study of drawing was authorized by law in the public schools of Massachusetts, and the example has been followed in New York and several other of the Northern and Western States. It is too soon to decide finally as to the value of the instruction thus received, but the very decided leap forward of many branches of industrial and decorative art which has occurred within this time tells its own story. Far too little attention, however, is given even yet to this important branch of education—not more than two hours weekly in the primary departments and less than half that time in the high schools. This is surely not enough. No matter what the future calling of the pupil, short of the learned professions, and outside the ranks of office-seekers, he will find drawing of more practical use, perhaps, than all his other acquirements, except reading. Not only the architect and the civil engineer, nor even the goldsmith, the photographer, the fresco-painter and the pattern-maker, but the shoemakers, tailors, coppersmiths, iron-founders, tin-smiths, the masons, carpenters, cabinet-makers, weavers, potters, gardeners, will all find their account in knowing how to wield the pencil. When once it is discovered that there is "plenty of room upstairs" for talent and education, even in these common employments, the number of hangers-on upon the great in political circles will be diminished, and civil service reform will become possible.

DRIVEN OUT OF COURT.

VENERABLE gentlemen, in close proximity to the eighties, with grown-up daughters of their own, desirous of adding to the female portion of their families by adopting attractive young spinsters of seven and twenty or thereabouts, would do well to peruse the proceedings in the case of Wilberforce vs. Philp, which has ended in such a singularly abrupt manner in the Court of Queen's Bench, England. An elderly but impressionable medical gentleman named Philp, whose age was nearly a decade in excess of the Scriptural allowance, whilst inhaling the ozone at a foreign watering place, encountered a young lady calling herself Mabel Wilberforce. It does not matter how the glances ripened into buds of conversation, and how those buds blossomed into friendship; suffice it to say, that Methuselah found Mabel *très chic*, and that Mabel discovered attractions in Methuselah that drew her towards him with ten-million-magnet power. They became the fastest of friends, and Miss Wilberforce returned to England with her venerable admirer in the capacity of his adopted daughter.

The Misses Philp, however, did not realize the benefit to be derived from the companionship of this newly-born sister, albeit the daughter of an American army officer, deceased, and, although they were powerless to effect a separation between their venerable parent and his interesting child, they maintained a very rigid surveillance over the movements of the latter, in which they were aided and abetted by their brother, Dr. Philp, clung to his charming protégée, and his charming protégée clung to him, until one fine morning came the "grim sergeant." Death, who arrested the doctor, while a myrmidon of the law arrested Miss Mabel Wilberforce at the instigation of the old gentleman's son, who boldly declared that his venerable father had died of poison, administered by his recently adopted American daughter. Miss Mabel Wilberforce Philp denied the allegation, and defied the "alligators."

by intrenching herself in her bedroom, receiving supplies per rope and bucket from without, and refusing point blank to quit her recently acquired parental roof. Compelled to yield, after defending her stronghold a distance, she had recourse to a confiding lawyer, and, under the advice of this learned and speculative man, she entered an action against her brother, Captain Philp, for libel. The case came on last week for hearing, and its termination was a *fiasco*. Miss Mabel Wilberforce Philp, on direct examination, briefly swore to being the daughter of an ex-American army officer, deceased; that the trustee to the gallant warrior's property lived, moved and had his being in Indianapolis, and was known to all law abiding and peaceful citizens as Perry Morton; and that the venerable Philp had, of his own motion and desire, intimated his intention of adopting her, and of sharing, not only his affections with her, but what was of considerable more importance—his property. On cross examination, however, Miss Mabel failed to impress the court or jury in her favor. Instead of being the artless spinster she represented herself, it came to light that she was the fond mother of two blooming children, of whom the male parent is a denizen of Manchester; that her life was that of a swindler and adventurer, and that such a person as Perry Morton existed but in her own fertile imagination. The able and astute lawyer who took up her cause also took up his brief-bag and retired from the case, and Mabel left the court without a stain upon her character, for the simple reason that she had no character to stain. Mabel may now be on her way to the land of her alleged birth, and ere the leaves assume their autumnal mantles of russet and red and gold, may possibly become the adopted daughter of some other wealthy and senile dupe. Who knows?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

BUT little progress was made with the Land Bill in the House of Commons in the early part of the past week, owing to the opposition of the Irish members to the emigration clause. This opposition was so violent and persistent that it was supposed the Government, in order to save other features of the Bill, would withdraw it, but this expectation was not realized. Mr. Gladstone, provoked to a display of something like his old strength, attacked the Home Rulers with great vigor, denouncing their course as utterly unjustifiable, and finally declaring that the House must choose at once between succumbing to the obstructive policy of a pitiful handful of members and disposing of the clause at a single sitting. Thus appealed to, the House adopted the clause by a decisive vote, the negatives amounting to only twenty-three. The emigration clause as amended limits the total sum to be expended on emigration to £200,000, and provides that not more than one-third the sum is to be expended in a single year. On Friday afternoon, however, two clauses were postponed, and thirteen adopted without noticeable opposition. Mr. Forster's policy in Ireland has been savagely attacked in the House by some of the Home Rulers, but Mr. Gladstone promptly assumed all the responsibility for the Coercion Act and other measures of repression, adding that Mr. Forster deserves as much, and even more, credit for whatever good there may be in the Land Bill than any other member of the Cabinet. The House rejected, almost unanimously, a motion of implied censure. Sir Stafford Northcote, Conservative, took occasion to severely condemn the attack upon Mr. Forster as altogether unjust and unfair. There has been an increase in the contributions to the Land League fund, the Boston branch having recently forwarded \$10,770. The Orange demonstrations on the 12th, in celebration of the battle of the Boyne, were not marked by any unusual disorders.

The Sultan, under the pressure of the foreign ambassadors, has commuted the death sentence of Midhat Pasha and his associates, and they will be banished to some remote region. In the Tripoli affair, the Porte has made satisfactory explanations, and a collision with France may therefore be avoided, although the Gambetta organs persist in demanding that the Government shall not be content merely with promises of good behavior on the part of the Turks. There can be no doubt that the general situation in North Africa is rather warlike than peaceful. While Spain is strengthening her garrisons on the Morocco coast, France is establishing fortified posts on the inland routes through Algeria, and fanatical Tripolitan tribes—probably roused by Turkish intrigue—are marching on Sfax, which French guns are still bombarding. Meanwhile, a conflict has occurred in the streets of Tunis between the French and Arabs and the Tunisian soldiers who recently returned from Sfax, where they were not landed for fear that they would not fight the insurgents; native fanatics threaten to cut the splendid Roman aqueduct, eighty miles in length, which is the only source of fresh water for Tunis and Goletta, and at Gabes the Arabs are in revolt, menacing the lives of all Europeans within their reach. Out of all this unrest and turmoil, a war may yet arise which will unsettle all existing foundations and reconstruct the autonomy of States. It will, indeed, be a marvel if the flame of fanatical passion, which now sweeps the African coast, does not kindle ultimately into a general conflagration. There are nine French ironclads on the coast.

While the recent elections in Bulgaria resulted in favor of Prince Alexander, it is obvious that there was nothing like an expression of the real sentiment of the people. All the power of the Government was used to suppress the opposition vote, while, at the same time, the military were employed in many places to coerce voters in favor of the Prince. In spite, however, of all these meas-

ures of repression and terrorism, a considerable number of opposition Deputies, including the leaders of that party, were elected to the National Assembly. The more prominent of these subsequently quit the country, declaring that freedom of action was impossible, the capital being surrounded by soldiers and the prominent members of the Assembly being escorted thither under military escort in order the more certainly to keep them under control. The candidates favorable to Alexander having been taken from the most ignorant classes—one-half of them being unable to read or write—it is not surprising to learn that on the opening of the Assembly the conditions of the Prince were unanimously accepted. In his manifesto Alexander declares that he does not intend to rule as an absolute, but as a constitutional monarch, in a liberal spirit. He promises to summon special assemblies to consider the Budget and other important matters, and expresses confidence in the country's orderly support of the new Administration.

The perfidious Turk appears to be partly fulfilling his engagements in reference to the new Greek frontier. All the Turkish war material has already been removed from the second zone of the ceded territory, and it is probable that the treaty term for the final transfer to Greece will be shortened.—Freedom of the Press in Vienna appears to be practically impossible. Nearly all the leading journals were recently seized by the police for daring to publish a resolution passed by Constitutionalists belonging to a German club, in which the menaces of the Czechs against the Germans was moderately condemned.—The movement of the friends of the Prince of Wales to secure from the Government an increase of his annual allowance has not been successful.

AN official statement shows that the annual savings so far effected in the Star Route service amount to \$1,066,778. This handsome reduction results from orders issued by the Postmaster-General in the first three months of his administration and up to the close of the fiscal year on June 30th. It is understood that additional reductions were ordered before the end of the fiscal year sufficient in amount to make the aggregate over \$1,200,000, but the returns were not made in season to include them in the June statements. The efficiency of the mail service has not been in the least diminished by the abolition and curtailment of Star Routes.

If public attention has been for a time diverted from the investigation of the Star Route frauds, the investigation itself has not faltered for a single moment. The work, amid all the excitement of the past fortnight, has gone steadily forward, and those who have it in charge announce that they will be ready to lay the principal cases before the Grand Jury in August. They may not present them, however, before September, when the courts will be in session, and any indictments which may be found can be proceeded with at once. The thieves of the Ring will find that, with all their manipulation of political influences, they cannot escape the exposure and punishment they deserve.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has again entitled himself to commendation by vetoing the Bill appropriating \$10,000 to meet the expenses of the so-called bribery investigation. The bribery was, from first to last, an empty farce; but, even had it been instituted and carried on from honest motives, and with an upright purpose, it could not possibly have cost the sum named. These investigations are only too frequently mere contrivances for enabling legislators to obtain control of an appropriation of public money with the privilege, in spending it, of auditing their own bills; and Governor Cornell has done precisely the right thing, and in the right way, in putting his foot down upon the whole iniquitous system.

SECRETARY WINDOM is evidently determined that the inspection of excursion steamers and other vessels by the officials charged with that duty shall be carried out in strict accordance with the law and his instructions. Certain inspectors having manifested a disposition to ignore the requirements of the Secretary, he has peremptorily ordered that supervising inspectors of steam vessels must forward daily detailed reports of inspections, and directed that those inspectors who fail to comply or attempt to evade the law shall be dismissed. The Secretary is not a man of loud speech, but he generally means what he says, and the easy-going officials to whom this warning is directed will do well to give it instant heed.

ONE of the most notable papers recently contributed to any American magazine is the article of Judge Jeremiah Black, in the August number of the *North American Review*, in reply to Colonel Ingersoll's assault upon the Christian religion. As a controversialist Judge Black has few, if any, superiors among American writers, and if the cause he advocates needed any defense, it could not command an abler champion than he proves himself to be. His treatment of the so-called arguments of Ingersoll is absolutely pitiless, and it is impossible for any fair-minded man to resist the conclusions at which he arrives. Then the style is peculiarly incisive and terse—even more so than that of Ingersoll. Judge Black's paper will prove interesting reading to all sorts of people.

POSTMASTER PEARSON has not only maintained the high reputation enjoyed by the New York City Post Office on the score of efficiency, but he is constantly introducing features which make his administration still more conspicu-

ously excellent. He has just made arrangements whereby the arriving foreign mails will be transferred at Quarantine to steam tugs and brought to the city, so that they can be assorted and at least a portion of them delivered before the vessels by which they are conveyed have reached their docks. By this saving of time merchants will be enabled to receive the invoices of their consignments much more promptly than heretofore, and also have the opportunity of making prompt reply by return mail to correspondence thus received. Under the new arrangement, also, the foreign closed mails for Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, etc., will, in most cases, be received in time for dispatch by outgoing mails with which connection was frequently missed owing to the delay in the landing of mails after the arrival of steamers at Quarantine, and in this way a saving in time of from twelve to twenty-four hours will be effected.

A BILL has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature which, with a view of purifying the jury-box, authorizes presiding judges to drop the names of disreputable persons from the jury-list. By way of illustrating the necessity of some legislation of this kind, a correspondent of the *Augusta Constitutionalist* mentions having seen a man on a petit jury while the grand jury was indicting him for murder, and another man on a jury at the very instant that the grand jury was finding three bills against him. A Georgia judge, speaking to the same effect, states that the worst gamblers in his circuit always manage to have their names in the jury-box, with a view of getting on the panel and so serving their friends. There can be no doubt that the jury system in many States needs modification, and the Georgia Act seems to be a step in the right direction.

IS GUTEAU insane? Those who know him best, and have been brought into the closest contact with him since his arrest, unite in the opinion that he is not. The District-Attorney declares that he is just as sane as anybody. He is now engaged in writing a history of his life, which he is anxious to get upon the market. He is a mass of egotism, and insists that all the "glory" of his mad act is his own. He scouts the idea that he had an accomplice. He says he was inspired to do the act soon after the resignations of Senators Conkling and Platt; that the refusal to give him an office had nothing to do with his act; that it was not the motive which impelled him; that he only looked to the good of the party. The insanity plea will, of course, be set up in his defense, but it will need stronger evidence than has yet been produced to convince any average jury that it is well founded.

THE present Summer will be memorable for its sudden alternations of excessive heat and unseasonable cold, no less than for its destructive storms and tornadoes. The hot wave, for instance, which swept over the country last week, was almost unprecedented in its intensity and deadly effects. Cincinnati and other cities were literally scorched, and for days business was seriously affected, outdoor workers being compelled to suspend work, while even the public library was closed and the health authorities were obliged to call into requisition the station-houses, the fire-engine houses and the official drug stores as preliminary hospitals for persons stricken down on the street. Over one hundred and fifty deaths from sunstroke were reported in four days, and many others are supposed to have occurred of which no mention was made. In Dayton, Ohio, there were thirty deaths from the heat, while in Covington and Newport, Ky., the distress and fatality were as great, proportionately, as in Cincinnati. Further West the week was marked by heavy rain-storms, floods and tornadoes, which caused immense destruction of crops and all kinds of property. In this city there were unusual electrical disturbances, and the heat for two or three days was most oppressive.

THE exports from this port during the month of June amounted to \$31,406,985, against \$43,084,568 for the same month last year. The imports were \$36,548,170, against \$40,512,404 for the same period of 1880. For the first half of the calendar year, there was an excess of \$50,797,153 in the total imports over the exports, \$23,382,155 of which was in specie and bullion and the remainder in merchandise. As compared with the corresponding period of last year, there was a decrease of \$15,466,815 in imports and \$7,352,055 in exports. Exclusive of specie, the imports for the first half of the year amounted to \$213,414,511, and the exports to \$185,999,511, as against \$254,000,701, and \$194,983,477 for the corresponding period of 1880. The net imports of specie during this period were \$23,382,153, whereas the shipments for the corresponding months last year exceeded the imports by \$105,311. For the fiscal year the exports, including specie, amounted to \$417,841,044, and the imports to \$533,919,961—an increase of \$9,075,099 in the aggregate importations and \$17,043,044 in the total exports, as compared with 1880. Omitting specie, however, the imports (merchandise exclusively) fell off \$17,895,641, while the exports of merchandise show a gain of \$14,094,798. Including specie, the year's imports exceed the exports by \$116,078,917, though of merchandise alone the excess amounts to only \$16,751,629. For the year 1880, the excess of the imports of merchandise over the exports of the same was \$48,742,068. The shipments of specie were \$2,948,246 and the imports \$26,970,741 greater last year than in 1880, while the amount received from abroad foots up \$99,327,298 more than the total shipments.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Cobden Club of London has sent expressions of sympathy to Mrs. Garfield.

THE Wisconsin Greenbackers have nominated E. P. Allie for Governor, with a full State ticket.

THE New York Senate has passed Mr. Bergh's Bill prohibiting the shooting of pigeons for amusement.

THURSDAY last was observed in Arkansas and Kentucky as a day of fasting and prayer for the recovery of the President.

HON. WARNER MILLER was, on the 16th inst., elected as United States Senator from New York, in place of T. C. Platt, resigned.

ON the Pittsburg Driving Park Course, July 13th, Maud S. beat her record by a quarter of a second, and trotted a mile in 2:10½.

THE annual session of the American Philological Association was held at Cleveland, Ohio, last week. Frederick D. Allen, of Harvard, was elected President.

JUDOR WESTBROOK has appointed ex-Judge Dillon and Amos L. Hopkins Receivers of the Manhattan Railway Company in the suit brought by Attorney-General Ward.

THE French residents of New York, New Orleans and other cities, celebrated with great enthusiasm France's new national festival, the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille.

THE quarterly returns of the Post Office Department for the quarter ending March 31st show the receipts to have been \$9,451,000, and that the revenue fell short of the expenditures only \$259,580.

SENATOR CONKLING visited Washington last week, and called at the White House to express his sympathy with the President and Mrs. Garfield. Vice-President Arthur returned to New York on the 13th.

THE trunk railroad lines are again at war, and passenger rates between New York City and Western competing points have been cut some twenty-five per cent. Through tickets from New York to Chicago are now sold at fifteen dollars.

THE new Commissioner of Pensions is reducing expenses in his department so as to keep within the appropriation of Congress. One hundred clerks have been discharged, and the pay of sixty others has been reduced.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has vetoed the Bill appropriating \$500,000 for continuing the work on the new Capitol at Albany. He thinks it is time the wasteful outlay, which has already swollen over \$8,000,000 beyond the original estimates, should be stopped.

THE Chancellor of Tennessee has dissolved the injunction obtained by the opponents of the debt settlement and dismissing their bill. The complainants gave notice of appeal, but as the Supreme Court does not meet till December, nothing can be done by the Funding Board till that time.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention, held at Columbus on the 13th, nominated John W. Bookwalter for Governor. He represents the younger and more aggressive element of the party. The platform denounces the spoils system and declares for civil service reform, a tariff for revenue and a commission to reform the tariff.

TWENTY-FIVE States and one Territory have, through their respective Governors, favorably responded to the suggestion of Governor Foster, of Ohio, that a day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the President from what seemed to be a mortal wound shall be observed throughout the country when that happy event shall be definitely determined.

A GANG of outlaws, on the night of the 15th, captured a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road between Cameron and Winston, Mo., killed the conductor and a passenger, robbed the United States Express Company's safe of several thousand dollars and then escaped. The passengers were saved from robbery by the sudden stopping of the train.

GREAT damage was done last week in Iowa and Minnesota by heavy storms which flooded towns and cities, devastated wide tracts of farming lands, swept away bridges, and in some places in Central Iowa set the entire population adrift. At Des Moines the damage was especially heavy. At New Ulm, in Minnesota, thirty persons were killed and injured, and over one hundred buildings were demolished.

A BOLD highway robbery was committed at noon on Friday, July 15th, in Lexington Avenue, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets, by three men, masked and flourishing revolvers. They attacked a wagon in which a clerk of Jacob Ruppert's, the brewer, was carrying money to deposit in a downtown bank, overpowered the occupants, and escaped with \$10,000 in currency, defying their only pursuer and firing at him from their wagon. The clerk had an additional \$9,450 in checks in his pocket, and \$1,000 in silver in a bag, but the robbers contented themselves with the currency.

Foreign.

THE French squadron occupied Sfax on the 16th, after a stubborn resistance on the part of the Arabs.

A NEW Bulgarian Ministry has been formed, said to be strongly in favor of autocratic government in the interest of Russia.

PREMIER FERRY has issued a circular fixing the date for the elections for members of the Chamber of Deputies on October 24.

AN astronomical congress will be held at Strasburg in September. The leading astronomers of Europe and America are expected to be in attendance.

PRINCE BISMARCK has made a demand upon the Porte to refund the ransom money recently paid to Roumelian brigands for the release of two captive Germans.

THE English manufacturers have abandoned all hope of securing a favorable commercial treaty with France, and efforts are now being made to bring about a new treaty with Spain.

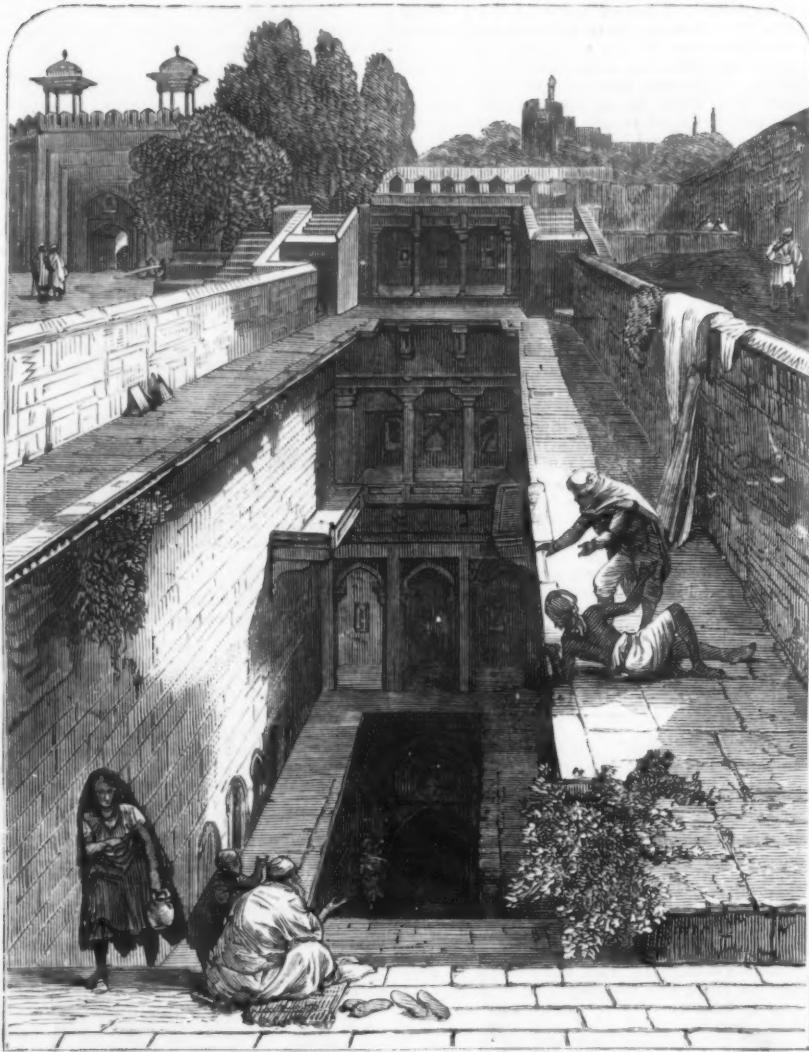
THE Commission appointed to examine into the Morelos railroad accident in Mexico has reported that the railroad company was guilty of astonishing carelessness, and holds it responsible for damages.

THE French Government has decided to take active measures to preserve order in Algeria. Fortifications will be constructed and encampments established on the roads leading to the Tell. The railways will be extended towards the south.

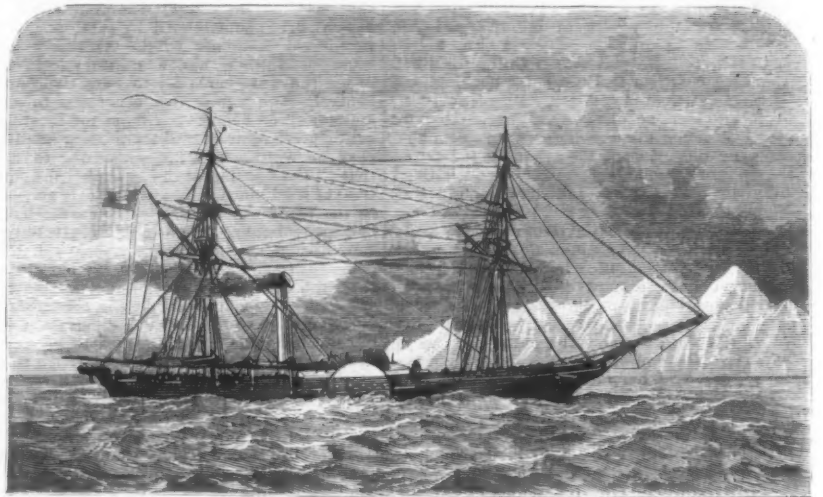
It is reported that nineteen men and girls were shut in a barn by the steward of the property called the "Boigte," in the province of Kursk, near Kiev, Russia, for refusing to work, and that all were banded to death by a village mob setting fire to the building.

THE Anglo-American Telegraph Company, the Direct United States Cable Company and the Compagnie Française du Télégraphe de Paris à New York have given notice that on and after August 1st the rate for the transmission of telegrams between New York and the United Kingdom and France will be reduced to twenty-five cents per word.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 367.



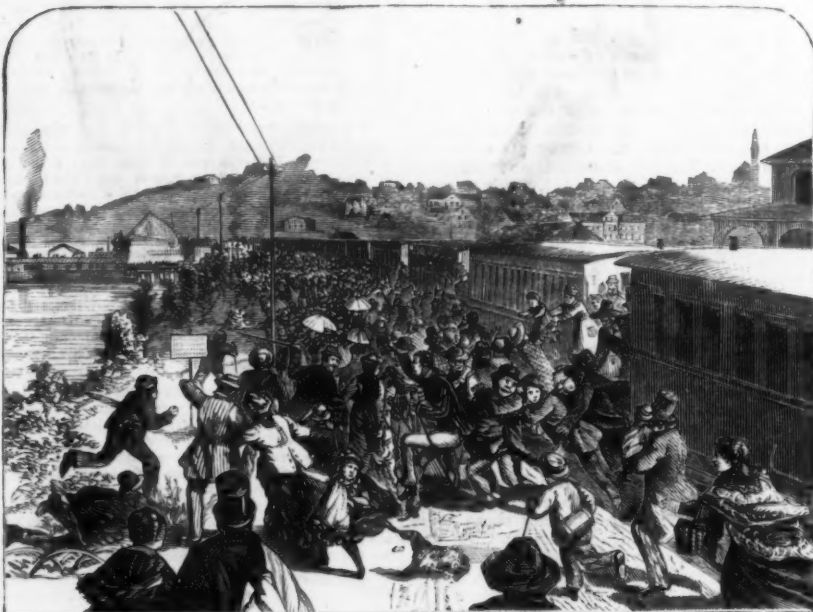
INDIA.—A HINDOO SHRINE AT ALLAHABAD.



FRANCE.—THE ARCTIC SCIENTIFIC MISSION STEAMER "COLIGNY."



ENGLAND.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, WITH THE SPHINXES, ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



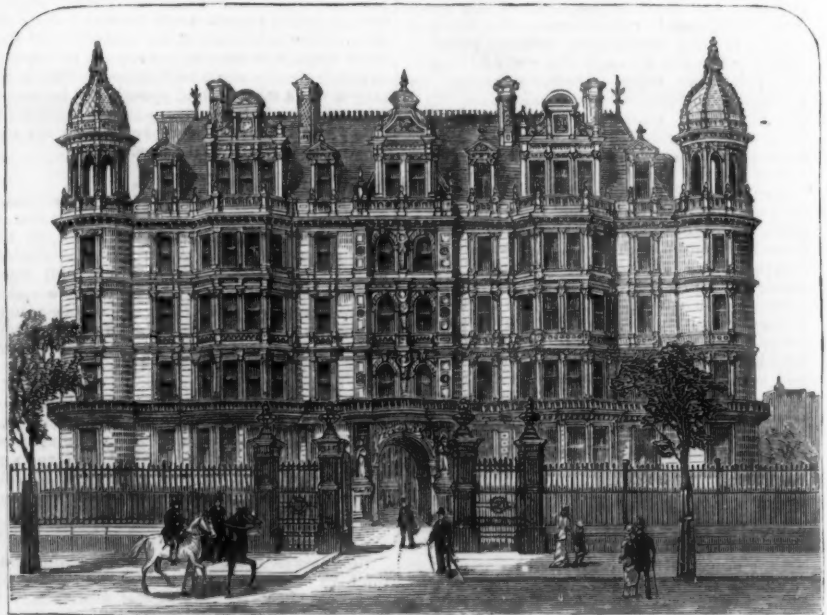
GERMANY.—A SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSION.



ITALY.—VIEW OF MILAN FROM THE TICINO GATE.



ENGLAND.—INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



ENGLAND.—NEW LAW BUILDINGS, TEMPLE GARDENS, LONDON.

THE PRESIDENT RECOVERING.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS OF THE LAST WEEK.

THE public interest in the condition of President Garfield has continued unabated during the past week. At one time, when the reports were somewhat unfavorable, the anxiety was universal, and apprehensions began to arise as to whether, after all, the distinguished sufferer could recover. These, happily, were dispated by subsequent announcements showing a steady improvement in his condition. The danger line has not, probably, been crossed, but the physicians and attendants are still full of hope that the President will finally recover. He is now able to take and assimilate nourishing food, the fever has subsided, the action of the bowels is normal and satisfactory, and the wound is discharging in a healthy way, showing that the healing process is going on. It is believed that the bullet, of which we give a *fac simile* representation, passed through the liver and is lodged in the



MRS. DR. SUSAN EDSON.

hypocondria. Its extraction, if it is located as supposed, will be a comparatively simple affair, although its extraction is not at all a matter of absolute necessity.

While the President has, in his weakness, abstained from the attempts at conversation in which he persisted for some days, he still manifests a lively interest in what is going on around him. Recently he inquired of Colonel Rockwell, who was at his bedside:

"Is it true that the Catholic Church has offered Masses for me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Was it spontaneous or ordered?"

"Both, as I hear," was the reply.

"I shall have to recognize it in some way when I get well," the President

said, and would have gone on to express himself further had he not been ordered to keep quiet.

When at one time some remark led Colonel Rockwell to say that "the heart of the nation is centred in this room, and a very sore heart it is, too," the President quickly said: "Then, for the sake of the heart of the nation give me a drink of water." At another time, he said to General Swaim: "Swaim, we have pulled through a good many tight places together, where the bullets flew thick, but none was ever so effective as this, old fellow."

General Swaim nodded and bluntly forbade any further talk. The President smiled at his friend's bluff manner, and said he would obey the injunction. These quiet hours give the President abundant opportunity for reflection. Occasionally, after a long silence, he will give a hint of what he has been thinking. His chief thought is upon the chances of recovery, and his attendants say he regards his case with admirable philosophy. Upon his own life he does not set much value for itself, but he is anxious to live because of his family and in order that he may perfect the state measures upon which the Administration embarked.

The temperature of the sick-room is now kept at about seventy



"WILL YOU GIVE THIS TO THE PRESIDENT?"



COLLECTION OF QUACK MEDICINES AND APPARATUS.



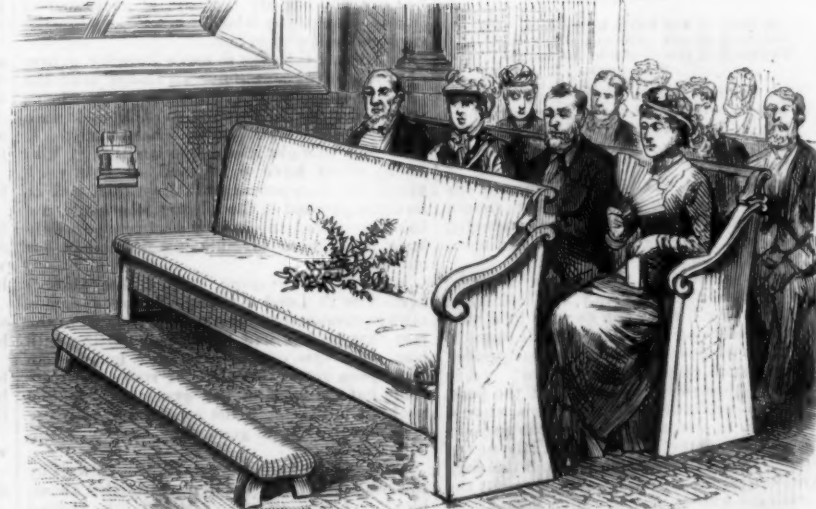
JAMES GARFIELD ENTERTAINING LADY VISITORS.



GUARD RECEIVING FLOWERS FROM LITTLE COLORED GIRL.



DR. J. J. WOODWARD.



THE PRESIDENT'S PEW IN THE CAMPBELLITE CHURCH.



DR. ROBERT HEYBURN.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—INCIDENTS OF THE WEARY WAITING FOR RECOVERY
FROM SKETCHES BY ALBERT SHULTS.

degrees by means of a cooling apparatus in the cellar of the White House. In order to secure proper ventilation one of the windows is kept open; the other is shut, and so are all the doors leading from the sick room. The cold air is driven up through the hot-air flue, and through the register into the room. At the register the temperature is much lower. The apparatus which produces this result is quite a complex affair. There is first a tank filled with fifteen tons of ice. A large tin and canvas pipe can run in at the top of this tank from the open air. The bottom of the tank is perforated with holes, and below is another tank, which is filled with plates, covered with Turkish toweling. There are about three thousand feet of this toweling. The ice-water drops down from the upper tanks and saturates the covering of the plates. Then connected with this is a large fan, which is run by a steam-engine. The fan drives the air over the plates and then into a pipe which leads into a large wooden tank holding sixteen tons of ice. The air is driven by means of the fans through this mass of ice, and then out into the pipe which conveys it up-stairs. With this apparatus in use the doctors think they will be able to stand a long siege of warm weather and keep the temperature of the sick chamber entirely under their control. New machinery, however, for cooling and ventilating arrived for days by almost every train, and express truckmen were the most frequent callers at the White House. In one or two cases the expressage was not prepaid, and the heavy boxes were carried away to be sold as unclaimed freight. The bed-makers are now coming to the front, and all sorts and styles of couches have been sent in, some of them made especially for this emergency. Patent medicines of all kinds are also sent by express, and presented by individuals, and hundreds of framed resolutions from all parts of the country are being delivered by the express companies. They find their way to Secretary Brown's room, which resembles somewhat a picture auction sale-room from the number of frames lying about. One box contained a pair of big watermelons from Cincinnati, which the boys about the White House found very luscious. Another box had very juicy peaches in it. Gifts of flowers are also numerous and constant, even the little colored girls of Washington bringing their floral tribute to the Executive mansion in token of their sympathy with the stricken Executive.

The method of turning the patient, as described by his physicians, in order to obtain access to the wound for the purpose of dressing it, is by raising him up on the sheet, which is then upon his left side, and gradually lowering him upon his right side, and allowing the President to roll slightly in that direction. All the material used in dressing the wound is kept constantly carbonized, and a carbonized spray is thrown upon the wound at the times of dressing. It takes six men to lift him when the beds and sheets are changed, three on each side. They raise him bodily in the double linen sheets. A drainage pipe has been inserted two inches into the wound to keep its sides open and facilitate the discharge of matter produced in the process of healing. It is a bone pipe made pliable by chemical treatment, and, besides being of porous material, is perforated with many holes.

The Garfield boys and Miss Mollie have resumed their studies, and otherwise the family arrangements have fallen into old grooves. "Jimmie," a boy of sixteen, and Harry, aged eighteen, have been wonderfully grave in the presence of the calamity which has darkened their home; but they have been hopeful, too, never doubting for a moment their father's recovery. A correspondent describes a recent interview with "Jimmie" as follows: "When I called last night I found Jimmie Garfield at work at the Secretary's table. He was writing in a notebook, and to my question, 'Have you taken upon your shoulders the affairs of State?' replied no, but he had done the next hardest thing—he had started a diary. 'I don't intend to keep it long,' he explained; 'only till father gets so I can read it to him. You see, he don't know what's going on. The doctors won't tell him anything, nor allow Colonel Rockwell nor General Swain to do so.' He drew his chair over to the side of mine, and came under the influence of my big palm-leaf fan as he continued, with boyish frankness, 'I tell you, none of my chums will ever aspire to be President. I don't like Washington now. Mother has been sick ever since we came to the beauty place, and now father is shot. Ambition is all very nice for school essays, but it's like other things—it don't pay. Mollie, my sister, don't get along at all. She's gone to stay at Colonel Rockwell's house, where she has a chum—Colonel Rockwell's daughter—and only Harry and I are here in the gloomy place.' After a pause, 'I hate this place. I wish I wrote columns for the newspapers like you do—wouldn't I give it to it. I'll do it in my diary anyway.'"

One day last week a message was received from the President's youngest sons, Abram and Irving, who are at Mentor. It was evidently written by the boys themselves, for it said: "DEAR FATHER—Hurry up and get well and come out here to see us. We are having a good time, and send you love." The message was read to the President.

The physicians having found a difficulty in procuring the proper kind of milk for their patient, a wealthy Baltimorean sent to Washington one of his fine Alderney herds. She was placed under the charge of one of the most reliable men attached to the White House stable, and who alone, of all the force employed in and around the Executive Mansion, knows how to milk.

The President has the very best of care night and day. During the day the physicians are always within call. During the night, in addition to the attendants in the sick room, Dr. Bliss or some one of his associates sleeps in the small room opening into the sick chamber, and which has come to be known as the "surgeon's room." A Philadelphia firm has sent a dozen great palm-leaf fans, known as Indian poncas, and these are now used by the attendants and swayed gently over the bed, agitating the air in a very agreeable manner without creating a draft.

The question has been raised as to who really arrested the assassin, Guiteau, after the shooting of the President. When the first shot was fired, the ticket-agent at the Baltimore and Potomac depot, Mr. R. A. Parks, was in the ticket office within five or six yards of the President. He rushed for the office side-door leading into the reception-room, while his assistant, Mr. W. H. Whitteley, passed through the ticket window. This occupied but a second or two, but meanwhile the second shot was fired. Believing he had shot the President dead, the assassin started to run out of the B Street door, and at that instant Mr. Parks caught him and held him until the policeman came up. We give Mr. Parks' portrait on page 369.

The visiting list at the White House has become curtailed. The Cabinet Ministers step in during the early part of the evening, after the early dinner hour of Washington, but they do not see the President. They drive over generally in company with their wives, and the visits are very much appreciated by Mrs. Garfield. In the morning the members of the Cabinet are advised of the condition of their chief by the bulletins which Mr. Brown, the secretary of the President, prepares after talking with the doctors. These really are the most intelligible accounts of the progress of the patient.

THE ASSASSIN'S STORY.

United States District-Attorney Corkhill has furnished the following statement for publication in order to correct certain erroneous assertions which have been made relative to Guiteau, the would-be assassin of President Garfield:

"The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published, justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made:

"The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington City on Sunday evening, March 6th, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one

day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18th, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner of Fifteenth and F Streets, in Washington, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest calibre. He was shown two similar in calibre and only differed in the price. On Wednesday, June 8th, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid \$10, having in the meantime borrowed \$15 of a gentleman in Washington on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening, about seven o'clock, he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth Street, and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding-house, and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat, and waited his opportunity.

"On Sunday morning, June 12th, he was sitting in Lafayette Park and saw the President leave for the Christian Church on Vermont Avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip-pocket and followed the President to church. He entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without the risk of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined, therefore, to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. He learned from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, June 18th, with Mrs. Garfield for Long Branch. He therefore determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about five o'clock on Saturday morning, June 18th, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth Street and fired five shots to practice his aim and to be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot and was in the ladies' waiting-room of the depot with the pistol ready when the President's party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and I think United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them and watched them for some time in hopes the carriage would stop; but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1st, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth Street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street up Fifteenth Street until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He watched at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence, on the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets, for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together, and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon.

"On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about seven o'clock. He then walked up into the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to Sixth Street, got out and went into the depot and loitered around there, and had his shoes blacked, engaged a hackman for \$2 to take him to the jail, went into the water-closet and took his pistol out of his hip-pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder, examined the pistol carefully, tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and, as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him and fired two shots."

THE BEAUTIFUL PHILISTINE.

By MRS. G. W. GODFREY.

PART I.—(CONTINUED).

THERE is a moment's silence. Each one of the people in the room understands that there is more in this by-play between Dorothy and her lover and Miss Roche than is apparent, but there is not one who altogether fathoms the meaning of it, so, after a moment's useless puzzling, they go back to their different occupations.

The Squire to his *Sporting Times*, and a hot discussion with Beatrice Seton of last Thursday's run; Mrs. Drysdale to her novel; Mr. Drysdale to putting sugar on the pug's nose; Stracey Jones to a melancholy sort of fugue on the piano; and Octavia Seton to a volume of her favorite poet.

"Listen!" she says in the deep tones of an enthusiast. "Is not this sublime?"

"The word of the sun to the sky,
The word of the wind to the sea,
The word of the moon to the night,
What may it be?"

"The sense to the flower of the fly,
The sense of the bird to the tree,
The sense to the cloud of the light,
Who can tell me?"

"The song of the fields to the kye,
The song of the lime to the bee,
The song of the depth to the height,
Who knows all three?"

"Who, indeed?" says Dorothy, profanely. "Who knows what it means? I am sure I do not. Come, Stracey, you are a poet—The song of the depth to the height. Tell me what it all means!"

Mr. Jones—it is the bitterest cross of his life that he, with the soul of a poet, should have been born a Jones—being thus appealed to, rises from the piano, and comes and leans over Dorothy's chair.

"Are you among the Philistines?" he says, shaking back his long fair hair, and looking at her with as much reproach as very pale blue eyes are capable of. "Was he not his pupil in aesthetic knowledge? Had not he superintended the transformation of this very room? 'Are you among those who suppose that the poet, lost in the sublimity of his visions, should write down to the intelligence of the grosser classes, like a penny-a-liner in a daily newspaper? Can the sparrow understand the song of a nightingale? Can they who have not the inner consciousness that can give them an insight into the poet's subtle fancies aspire to understand his language?'"

"Upon my word, you are very complimentary!" says Dorothy, screwing up her face into a comical little grimace. "Am I one of the grosser classes, or only a sparrow?"

They all laugh, then—except Stracey Jones. "I hate that cant way that people have got into of calling every one who does not happen to exactly agree with themselves in matters of taste or thought—a Philistine," says John Cameron, throwing himself restlessly into a chair. More than one person has noticed that he has been horribly restless of late. "If a fellow likes a bit of color on his walls, or in his carpet, he is called a Philistine!"

Dorothy smiles. "My dear Cameron," says the poet, plaintively, "let me entreat you not to sit like that. The attitude is so—so un-Greek!"

"There! I told you so! A fellow cannot even sit as he likes nowadays! He has to be in keeping with the furniture. Don't make a fool of yourself, Jones!"

He knows that to call him Jones, without any prefix at all—just bare Jones—is to wound him in his sorest point; but he is in a state of mental irritation (to which Miss Roche's vicissitudes were all liable at times) which makes him callous to his friend's sufferings.

Dorothy and Octavia glance nervously at Stracey, uncertain what to say, when Miss Roche comes to the rescue.

"What is a Philistine?" she says, turning round her head, and fixing her lovely eyes on him.

They are all a little bit surprised. She had seemed, but a moment ago, so completely absorbed in her conversation with Lord Aveling, and she is so little given to asking for general information, that Stracey Jones, being more apt in the using of words than the definition of them, hesitates wildly, sure that she must be setting a trap for him.

"A—A Philistine?" he begins stammeringly. "An outer barbarian; a—a—"

"A man whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him," says Dorothy, coming to his aid.

"Then," says Miss Roche, turning back her head, and speaking not to them, but to Lord Aveling. "I must be a Philistine. I think all my life it has seemed as if my hand has been against every woman—every woman's hand against me."

"Why should you say it?" says Cameron hotly, starting up, and beginning again to pace the room. "Why should you say of yourself what no one else would dare to say of you?"

"It is true," she answers quietly. Her voice is like her face—it somehow conveys the idea of intensity, of strong passions held in reserve. "I never have had any woman rightly belonging to me except Grannie, and she can scarcely be called a woman—she is only the fossilized remains of one. And as for friends! tell me, where is the good of making a woman-friend, when you are sure—quite sure—that she will be your friend just so long as no man comes between you—no longer?"

"Surely," begins Stracey, "there have been friendships between women that even poets have sung. Think of—"

"Poets!" interrupts Miss Roche, a little rudely, while he is still racking his memory for an apt instance. "Can you tell me of one enduring friendship that history has chronicled—like David's and Jonathan's, for instance? You believe in them, do you not? Was there any woman yet who could say of another, 'Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of man?'"

No one answers. Stracey not being quite sure who David and Jonathan were, has no answer ready. John Cameron looks at Dorothy, amazed that she does not accept the challenge; but Dorothy, for some reason of her own, is, strangely enough, absolutely silent. Octavia Seton dislikes Miss Roche too thoroughly to join in any discussion with her, and the rest are out of hearing.

"Is it not expecting a little too much of women that they should love you?" says Lord Aveling, claiming her attention again, with that little smile which always leaves it doubtful whether he intends to be complimentary or satirical.

And so the subject is dropped, and only Miss Roche herself quite understands why it ever started.

That evening it seems to Dorothy that some evil spirit of defiance must possess this girl, who, in spite of all warnings, all advice to the contrary, she had liked and taken for her friend; partly because she had been fascinated by her, chiefly because she had believed that the mere fact that there was not one woman who liked her well enough to stand by her, had given to her life that air of recklessness that made so many who did not look below the surface think evil of her.

To believe this was to make Dorothy, generous and courageous above all things, take the place no other woman had taken yet, as Theo's friend, and having taken it, to stick to it with that tenacity of purpose so characteristic of her. But to-night it seems to her that if Miss Roche could have overheard, or subtly divined, the disapproval that Raymond had so freely expressed in the library, she could not have succeeded in showing a more open defiance or a more terrible justification of his opinion of her.

Most of the evening, indeed, she absents herself with Lord Aveling—whose manner, always pronounced, has lost nothing, from the fact that he has had his dinner—sitting with him, on a low couch, in a little inner room that opens out of the drawing-room, with nothing but the back of her graceful head and neck visible through the *portières*, so that her behavior is left a good deal to the imagination.

But Dorothy can understand pretty well by the way Raymond moves restlessly about, looking every now and then with knitted brows in that direction, how he is judging her friend. It seems to her that there never was so long an evening, and she is intensely relieved when a general move makes it necessary for Miss Roche to come back into the drawing-room.

She looks so pale and worried as she stands saying "Good-night" to her friends, that pity for her and anger for Miss Roche, make the pressure of Raymond's hand, the look in his eyes, tenderer than they have been of late, and she goes away with a little smile on her face.

Dorothy is sitting by her bedroom fire, her long, brown hair unbound and her little bare feet thrust out to the warmth, thinking over the day that has passed, thinking a little, perhaps, too, over the days that are to come. It is the only quiet time in all her busy life. As long as the day lasts she is at the beck and call of every one. To begin with, she is for ever at the squire's right hand, doing everything for him, making up his mind for him, writing and even thinking for him. He is as helpless as a baby without her. Often she says, laughing, that she is more like a mother to him than a daughter. Then there are her villagers and school-children, her clubs and meetings, her thousand-and-one friends—all of them thinking they have the best right in the world to her time—and last, but not least—her lover.

It is not very long that he has been changed from the playmate of her baby days, the friend and companion of latter days into her lover, and the transition has been so easy and natural, that, after the first strangeness, they have seemed almost to drop back into the free-and-easy intercourse of old times—more friendly than lover-like. So that, after all, he does not make very great demands upon her time. Perhaps she could forgive him if he made more. But there has been none of the zest of uncertainty or opposition to give to their intercourse the charm of stolen sweets. They can see each other when they like and how they like. Every one has taken it so much as a matter of course that Raymond Knollys—Mr. Carmichael's ward and the orphan son of an old friend, and who had always, all his life, looked on the Manor House as home—should drop into the place that seemed cut out for him by fate and fortune as Dorothy's husband, that there has been very little excitement or novelty about it.

Dorothy is sensible enough to understand that, and she is not by nature exacting. But for all that, she loves him with all her heart and soul, and she knows that, if the need were to arise, she would stick to him through thick and thin, just as thoroughly as she believes that through good fortune and evil fortune he would stick to her.

It is only that there has been no need. It is only that they have been so very secure in their position and in each other.

To-day they have had their nearest approach to a quarrel since they made up their minds to start on their long journey through life as man and wife. To-day he has spoken to her—and she to him—as they never have spoken before. Even yet the remembrance has left some soreness, which not even the lover-like tenderness of Raymond's "Good-night" has wholly dispersed.

She is thinking of the few sharp words she spoke to him—she is wishing with all her heart she could unsay them—when there is a little knock at the door, and, following quickly on the knock, Miss Roche herself comes into the room.

It is not by any means the first time that she has been there. Dorothy, feeling her position in the house a great deal more keenly than Miss Roche has probably felt it herself, has always welcomed her most cordially, trying by her own warmth to make up for the coldness of the other women. But to-night she wishes she had not come, and not being a very good hand at hiding her feelings, it is probable the wish is apparent, though she tries her best to disguise it.

"Up so late?" she says, drawing a chair to the fire and stirring up the coals into a blaze. "I thought no one was coming to pay me a visit to-night?"

It is a noticeable point in Miss Roche that she never descends to conventionalities—to the small trivialities that fill up conversational gaps.

So now she makes no apology for her coming, nor stops to consider whether it is late or early. She simply seats herself in the chair that Dorothy has drawn up—a lovely enough picture in her long, loose dressing-gown, even to a woman's eyes—and looks straight into Dorothy's face.

It is not nearly so beautiful as her own—that she cannot fail to know; but the eyes have a wide-opened, honest fearlessness, and the mouth a firmness of purpose and, withal, a candid sweetness of expression that makes it a face to be preferred to many prettier ones.

"Tell me what is wrong?" she begins, abruptly. "I could not sleep without knowing. What have I done to vex you?"

The suddenness of the attack sends the blood to Dorothy's pale cheeks.

"Nothing," she says, guiltily, looking not into her friend's face, but at her own little feet, at the blazing coals—anywhere, everywhere. "What has put such a thing into your head?"

"Dorothy," says the other, with a little smile, "your eyes belie you. They are too honest for you. What is it?"

There is a moment's pause—a moment's intense silence. Then Dorothy suddenly turns her head and stretches out her hands with a little gesture of entreaty.

"Theo," she says, earnestly, "I wish you would be different!"

But the face opposite to hers hardens instead of softening.

"Different?" she answers, with a certain defiance. "Will you tell me how? Will you tell me what I have done?"

"Forgive me," the girl goes on most gently. "If I am too frank with you. Forgive me if I, being your friend, warn you that you lay yourself open to—misinterpretation. You

cannot blame people that they think badly of you—speak badly of you—when you never do anything to prevent them, when you seem to try, on the contrary, to make them think their very worst."

"Stay a moment," said Miss Roche, with a curious light in her eyes. "Do you remember when you offered me your friendship—offered it, mind; I never went a step out of my way to gain any woman's liking in my life—what I answered you? You told me then—it is not so very long ago but that you can remember it—that you cared nothing how far people misinterpreted me, or spoke evil of me, so long as you in your own heart knew that it was unjust. What they said then they can say now, nothing more or nothing less. There is no difference between then and now, unless—unless—look me in the face, Dorothy—answer me, is it you that have changed? Is it you that misinterpret me?"

"No—no—not I," begins Dorothy, almost sobbing, "but others—"

"Others!" she breaks in, scornfully, throwing herself back in her chair, the light of strong emotion fading from her lovely face. "Have I not told you a hundred times that I care nothing for what any one says or thinks of me? Is there any harm they can do me they have not done already? There is not a woman in the whole world for whom I have any love, or any respect, but you. If you believe in me, the rest may go."

"But," begins Dorothy, hesitatingly, "it is impossible to be altogether indifferent to people's opinions—"

"After all—what do I do?" she interrupts, throwing up her hands with a little passionate gesture. "Not a thing that is not done by every fashionable woman in society; and there is but one difference between them and me—they have husbands, I have none."

"They are protected, and you are unprotected, and so beautiful! Oh, Theo! I wish—with all my heart I wish—you would be more careful!"

"For instance?" defiantly.

"For instance," she goes on, bravely, "with such a man as Lord Aveling. He is my father's neighbor and old friend. We could not well close our doors to him, even if we would; but we all know what is said of him. To be intimate with him is almost fatal to a woman's reputation, and yet, night after night—"

"I amuse myself with him," says Miss Roche, with a smile, "just as I amuse myself with all the rest. Surely you did not suppose that I was in love with him?"

"I suppose nothing," answers Dorothy, coldly. "Only if such amusements are indispensable to you, it seems to me that you and I must think so differently on these points that any talk of friendship between us must be but a poor pretense."

"Is that what you mean? Is that what you have been driving at all the time?" she cries, rising to her feet, her face alight with passion. "I beg your pardon that I have been so dull that I could not see it before, and yet, after all, it is only"—with a most bitter laugh—"what I have predicted all along, that sooner or later—sooner or later—you would come to think as all the rest of the world thinks. It is only a little sooner than I had expected, that is all; but not too late to promise you that I will do you no more discredit. Do not fear; I shall never trouble you after to-night."

She turns away as she speaks. She is half-way to the door, when she hesitates, falters, and with one swift movement retraces her steps and flings herself in front of Dorothy with outstretched arms.

"Do not give me up! Dorothy, Dorothy, do not give me up!" she cries, passionately, the tears raining down her white cheeks. "I am bad, I know—not fit for you; but if you give me up, my last chance is gone! Dear, do you know"—looking up with streaming eyes and quivering lips—"that it seemed to me that day, when you kissed me—do you remember it, you, the first woman who ever kissed me in all my miserable life—as if God had given me another chance—a chance of being more like you. You who have all your life had so many friends to care for you, to respect you, cannot even guess what it was to me to know that one woman—if only one in all this unhappy world—cared whether I lived or died—was bad or good. Dear"—clasping her hands with eager fingers—with a humility that sits most strangely on her proud, lovely face—"I will be good. I will do what you tell me. There is nothing," looking up with a poor little smile, "I will not do, if only you will not give me up."

The tears are in Dorothy's eyes, too—welling up and brimming over. She is soft-hearted at the best of times—it is not possible that she should resist such an appeal as this.

"My dear," she says, very tenderly, putting her arms round Theo's neck, "I will never give you up. So long as you are true to yourself, I will be true to you. Only," hesitating a little and breaking off—"only—"

"Only?" interrogatively.

"Only," Dorothy goes on falteringly, "I am no longer altogether mistress of myself. When a woman is married, or going to be married, she must choose her friends, not only according to her own liking, but to her husband's also."

Theo disengages the hands that are still on her neck, and, rising to her feet, thrusts them coldly aside.

"You mean," she says, standing and facing Dorothy, "that I am not according to Mr. Knollys's liking?"

"I mean," answers Dorothy, bravely, gathering her courage in both hands, "that you can scarcely blame him, or any one, that they think badly of you when you do your best to make them."

"I see—I understand," she says, slowly clasping her hands in front of her, while all the tenderness and humility die out of her face, and in their place there reigns a most passionate anger. "It is he who has—misinter-

preted me—is not that the word? It is he who has set you against me, has told you to give me up."

Dorothy is silent.

"And you mean to obey him," she says, coming a step or two nearer, and looking at her in a way that would make many women less honest than Dorothy feel that there are occasions on which it may be pardonable to disguise the truth.

But Dorothy is not one of them.

"I could not marry him," she answers, sturdily, "unless I meant, however reluctantly, to obey him."

"You mean," says the other girl, standing and facing her, with her hands clasped tight against her breast, as if she would control the passion of anger and scorn raging there, "that I am nothing to you compared to him—that if he bids you turn your back upon me, bids you never see me or speak to me again, as he will do, you will obey him?"

But Dorothy is silent, terribly silent—she makes no other answer.

"Then," turning away with a bitter smile, "there is no more to be said. I was right, you see—altogether right," in a voice that trembles, whether with anger or grief it is hard to say, "when I said to-night that women's friendships last just so long as no man comes between—no longer! I was a fool if I ever supposed that yours and mine would be the exception!"

"Stay!" cries Dorothy, stretching out her hands to stop her. "If it is so, blame yourself, not me! What have you ever done to make Raymond think well of you? What have you not done, on the other hand, to make it seem to him that all that idle and malicious people have said of you is true? Theo, dear," passionately, "why cannot you try and make him like you? Why cannot you be friends with him?"

Thus arrested, Miss Roche turns round and stands facing Dorothy, with her eyes fixed on her, and as she so stands a curious smile dawns on her beautiful lips.

"You want me to make him like me?" she says, slowly, after a minute's silence. "You ask me?"

"It is not much to ask," says Dorothy, coaxingly, afraid that some not unnatural resentment at Mr. Knollys's small appreciation of her friend's charms lies under this question. "My friends must be his friends, and surely" (with a little persuasive smile) "it must be easy enough for you to make any one like you?"

Then she comes closer, and puts her hands on Miss Roche, and looks up in her face.

"You will promise? You will be friends?"

For a moment the other hesitates, then the smile on her lips deepens.

"Such friends," she says, with a little laugh, "that he will be sorry that he ever thought badly of me."

She drops Dorothy's hands as she speaks, and turns to go. She does not give the caress which Dorothy's upturned face had seemed to invite. Her hand is on the door when she turns round.

"Tell me," she says, suddenly, "what it was he said of me."

Dorothy shakes her head.

"No, I cannot," she says, irresolutely—then with the bluntness for which she is famous—"Guess for yourself in what light you are likely to have appeared to him."

Then the door shuts and she is alone—with an uncomfortable but indefinable impression that, in her desire to bring her friend and her lover on better terms with each other, she has, somehow or another, not acted wisely.

At the same time, in the same house, the men of the party—that is to say, four of them, for the squire has long ago gone to his honest loudly-snoring slumbers, and Lord Aveling has driven home—are assembled in the smoking-room, and are talking, as it happens, of Miss Roche herself.

It is John Cameron who starts the subject, flinging a question into their midst, after a long and moody silence, like a conversational alarm:

"Who is Miss Roche?"

If he had intended to wake them up, he certainly succeeds, for they all look at him, mostly in astonishment. But Raymond ostentatiously buries himself in a *Saturday Review* that lies conveniently at his elbow, and Stracey goes back with intent brow and muttering lips to a little notebook bound in old gold that is open on his knees, so that it is left to Charlie Drysdale to answer, which he does with alacrity—being always glad of an opportunity to hear his own voice when his wife is not present.

"Who is Miss Roche?" he says, taking the cigar out of his mouth and smiling. "My dear fellow, that is a question most of us asked the season before last, and most of us failed to answer."

"I was not in town this season or last; I was at Oxford, you know," says Cameron, impatiently. "I never met Miss Roche until I met her here. Who are her people? Where does she come from?"

Mr. Drysdale regards his cigar with an air of amusement.

"If I could tell you that," he says, with the complacency of a man who for once in his life finds himself appealed to as the possessor of superior information, "I could tell you all. Her people are represented by one old woman, a wizened, scheming old wretch, who might very well do for a stage grandmother. As to where she comes from, she will tell you herself she was educated in a convent, and only came out two years ago; but I know of people who swear they have seen her in America, and they say—"

"Well?" most impatiently.

"If I were to tell you all that they say," says Drysdale, glancing furtively at Raymond, who, in the absence of the master of the house, is generally regarded as his substitute, "I could fill a dozen society papers. I believe the real fact is, that she is the daughter of a

woman who was divorced soon after the child's birth, and that her father was a younger son of a good family, who was first a bankrupt, then a blackleg, then a pauper."

"And yet she dresses like a duchess, rides in the Park, talks of operas and balls, and—"

"Does what all our beauties do," interrupts Drysdale, with a laugh—the small laugh of a man of small brains. "Did you suppose that she—" he stops suddenly, arrested in his eloquence by an impatient movement of Raymond Knollys's legs. He ends his sentence a little haltingly—"is—is different from the rest?"

"And yet," says Cameron, pointedly, "she is Miss Carmichael's friend?"

"Thereupon hangs a tale," says Drysdale, folding a leaf of his cigar and restoring it to his mouth.

"I wrote a poem about it," says Stracey, looking up. "Let me see, how did it begin?"

"If she were I, and I were you,
Say would she love me, pray?
How could the day-dawn love the dew,
The night—"

"Yes, yes!" said Cameron, rudely. "Tell me about it, Drysdale!"

"Simply that Dorothy's horse ran away one day near the Row; that Miss Roche, who was riding by, with greater pluck or a better opportunity than her fellows, managed somehow to stop him, wrenched her arm, and was taken home by Dorothy, who, in her usual generous don't-care-what-any-one-thinks sort of way, swore an eternal friendship—and has stuck to it, by Jove!"

There is a minute's silence. Cameron sucks moodily and thoughtfully at his pipe. Raymond remains immersed in the acrid pages of his *Review*. Stracey jots down little hieroglyphical notes in his book—every one knows that he has an admiration, purely æsthetic, for Miss Roche; so that whatever there may be to say about her, he will not say it—and Drysdale looks into the fire with a little smile hovering round his lips as if he were contemplating a capital joke. It is Cameron who breaks it, putting down his pipe and looking straight at Drysdale.

"You have inferred that Miss Roche takes presents, and behaves as some other women of the present day—more shame to them—think no harm of. But it is certain that there can be no worse to be said of her than that, or she would not be here!"

His voice and his manner, no less than his words, convey a direct challenge.

He knows—they all know—that Charlie Drysdale is not the man to refuse it—that whatever pretty gossip, or evil tale there is abroad, he is sure to have it at his tongue's end.

But this time—whatever there may be to tell, he has no chance of telling it.

"Don't you think," says Raymond Knollys suddenly, flinging aside his paper and starting to his feet, "that, considering we are Mr. Carmichael's guests, and that Miss Roche is his guest also, that it is not altogether good taste to take away her character behind her back?"

For a moment Drysdale is too astonished at this sudden attack to find his voice.

"I don't see that I have taken away her character," he says, presently, rather feebly, "and—and—I thought you hated her, Knollys?"

"Whether I like her or dislike her," he answers, with that air of reserve which, combined with a vague idea that he is the possessor of superior talents, has made him a good many enemies, "as long as she is Miss Carmichael's friend she will be respected by me."

He knocks out the ashes of his pipe with such an air of decision as he speaks, that John Cameron—who is an honest fellow—feels ashamed of himself that, in a fit of jealousy, he should have asked for information about a woman whom only a few days ago he had blindly admired; little Stracey looks up at him with the admiration of a weak nature for a strong one, and Charlie Drysdale—liking him none the better for the fact that he has called him to account—makes a half-joking apology.

"I am sure I have nothing to say against her," he says, smiling that perpetual smile of his; "I have always admired her more than any woman I know. It is only the women," with a lively remembrance of his wife, "who are so confoundedly jealous of her."

But for that night, at least, Miss Roche's name is allowed to rest in peace.

(To be continued.)

Southern Women and Education.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* writes: "One of the most important features of the educational work now going on in the South is one which from its nature can have little public recognition. I mean the private and personal missionary efforts of the women of the leading white families for the improvement of the common people of both races, in their own communities. In many places where the men are discouraged and depressed by the greatness of the work which needs to be done for the people around them, the feebleness of their resources, and the unfavorable conditions under which all such efforts must be made, there are a few women who feel that something must be done, and who are circulating every scrap of reading matter that they can obtain, are advising, instructing and encouraging the colored girls whenever they can obtain any hold upon them, trying to inspire and strengthen the young men of both races to resist the evil influences about them; and who are, in short, reconstructing society by the old, slow, best method of personal effort and influence. I have rarely found anywhere earnestness greater than theirs, or a clearer sense of the dangers to society from ignorance and immorality. The appalling magnitude of the evils against which they contend, and the pathetic slenderness of their means of warfare, would deeply impress any thoughtful person who could observe and measure them, as I have had opportunity to do in many places during the last few months."

In several towns and country neighborhoods these women are forming reading circles and clubs, and trying to prepare the way for the establishment of small public libraries."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Austrian harvest promises to be fully up to the average.

—A VIOLENT epidemic of diphtheria has appeared at Sæbborg, Denmark, and many deaths have occurred.

—THE official estimates of the probable yield of the German harvest are not sanguine. Scarcely a medium yield is anticipated.

—OVER fifty people, principally women, were killed on Tuesday, July 26th, by the fall of a church roof, in San Mateo, Mexico.

—THE Italian Senate has passed a Bill to prevent the spread of the phylloxera, and to attempt the acclimatization of the American vine.

—THE Japanese papers report that the silk crop and mulberry-leaves have been injured by rain. The prospects of the tea crop are encouraging.

—SITTING BULL is still located at Fort Qu'Appelle. Most of his young braves have deserted him, and his band consists principally of old men and squaws.

—ATOON KHAN left Herat about June 25th with a considerable force. It is not known whether he will march upon Candahar or Cabul. The Ameer is preparing to meet him.

—THE report of the Minister of Justice shows that, on June 30th, there were 1,279 convicts in the prisons of the Dominion of Canada, a decrease of 39 as compared with the previous year.

—THE official list of those who lost their lives by the accident to the steamer *Victoria*, at London, Canada, on the Queen's birthday, places the number at 181. It is thought to be incomplete.

—THERE are now 200 persons imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act, including one member of Parliament, one priest, one magistrate, several town councillors and many poor-law guardians.

—THE farmers of the central provinces of France, the great wheat-growing region, count on a good average crop, and, so far as an opinion can yet be formed, this year's vintage will be one of the best for fifteen years.

—THE Russian Minister of War proposes to discontinue the construction of fortifications on the German and Austrian frontiers, which was begun by a former Minister, thereby saving 10,000,000 rubles in the Budget.

—LARGE quantities of telegraph material are being imported to Tientsin, China, to connect that port with the southern towns and Europe. The enterprise has been confided to the Great Northern (Danish) Telegraph Company.

—THE estimates of the amount of base coin circulated in Egypt by the *Genève* counterfeiter vary from ten to forty millions of francs. All the counterfeiters are in jail except one, a Marseilles banker, who has given cash bail for his appearance to the amount of 1,000,000 francs.

—THE great landslip near Sigriwell, in the canton of Berne, Switzerland, which was reported on June 29th, is steadily moving towards Lake Thun at the rate of three metres a day. It is three miles long, one mile broad and of unknown depth. The houses in its path have been deserted.

—MESSRS. SIEMENS BROTHERS have begun the construction of the second cable for the American Cable Company. The first cable so successfully completed and laid shows perfect insulation throughout, and the rate of transmission, 17½ words a minute, is the highest ever reached on a cable of such length.

—THE Senate Commerce Committee, to examine into the matter of improving the river front at Washington, has decided to arrange for a Board of Survey for the purpose of making surveys and examinations, and to prepare a plan for the removal of the flats and the improvement of the channel and river front.

—ACCORDING to the proclamation of Governor Blackburn of Kentucky, setting apart July 14th as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, it was generally so observed by the business men of Louisville. The Post Office and the public offices of the city were all closed. At nearly all of the churches prayer-meetings were held, and thousands of earnest supplications were made for the speedy recovery of the President.

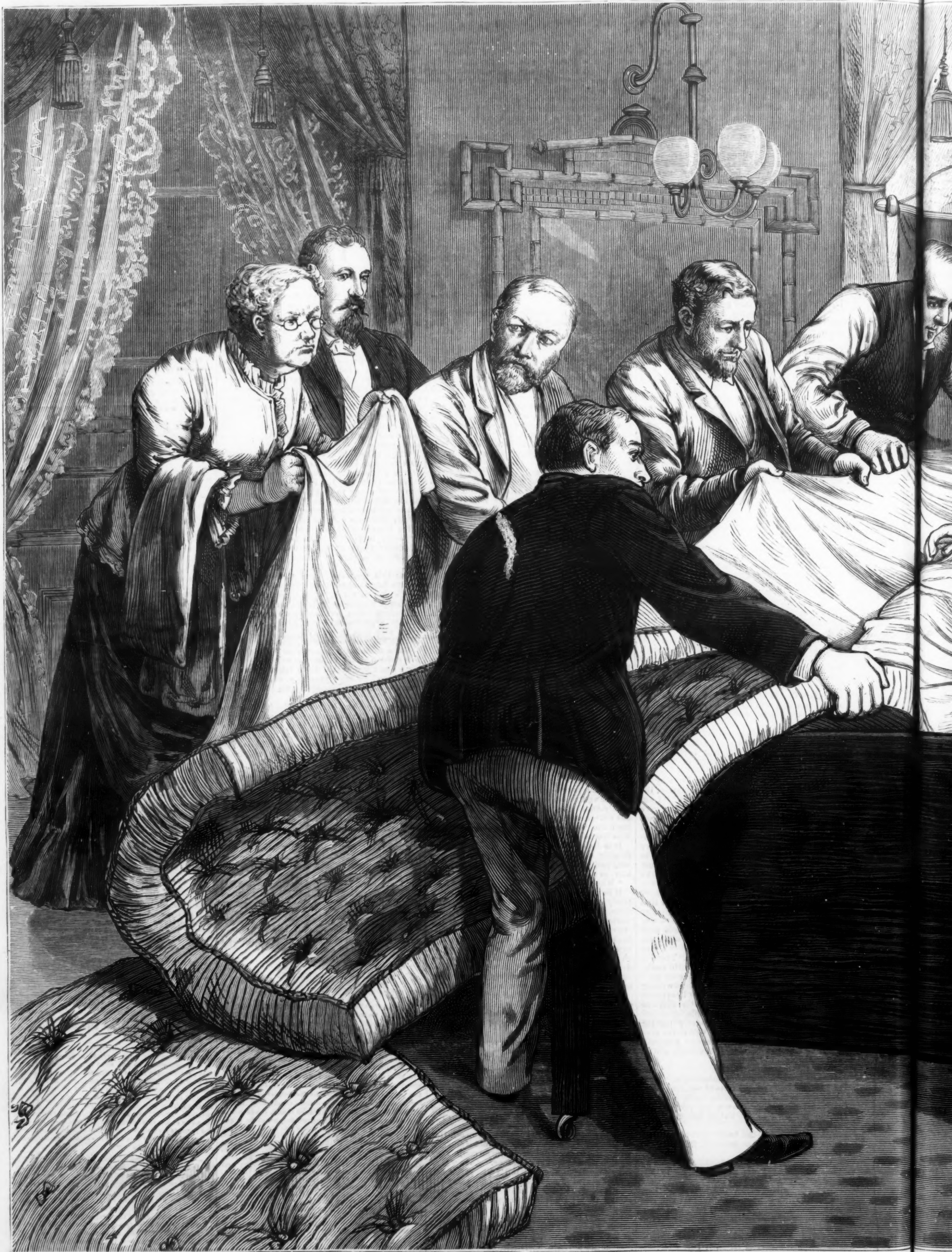
—THE Central Pacific Railroad Company has paid into the Treasury \$144,000 in settlement of the claim of the Government against that company to December 31st, 1880. This amount, added to the transportation furnished the Government during the year, makes up the sum of 25 per cent. of the company's net earnings required to be paid into the Sinking Fund under Section 4 of the Thurman Act.

—LATE advices from China indicate the recall of the Chinese Educational Mission, established in Hartford in 1872. The cause of this action is not clearly understood, but it is expected that the boys will soon start for home. There are about one hundred of them now studying in this country, of whom fifty are in colleges or technical schools. The mission has done an important work in educating the boys, and its early termination causes much regret here.

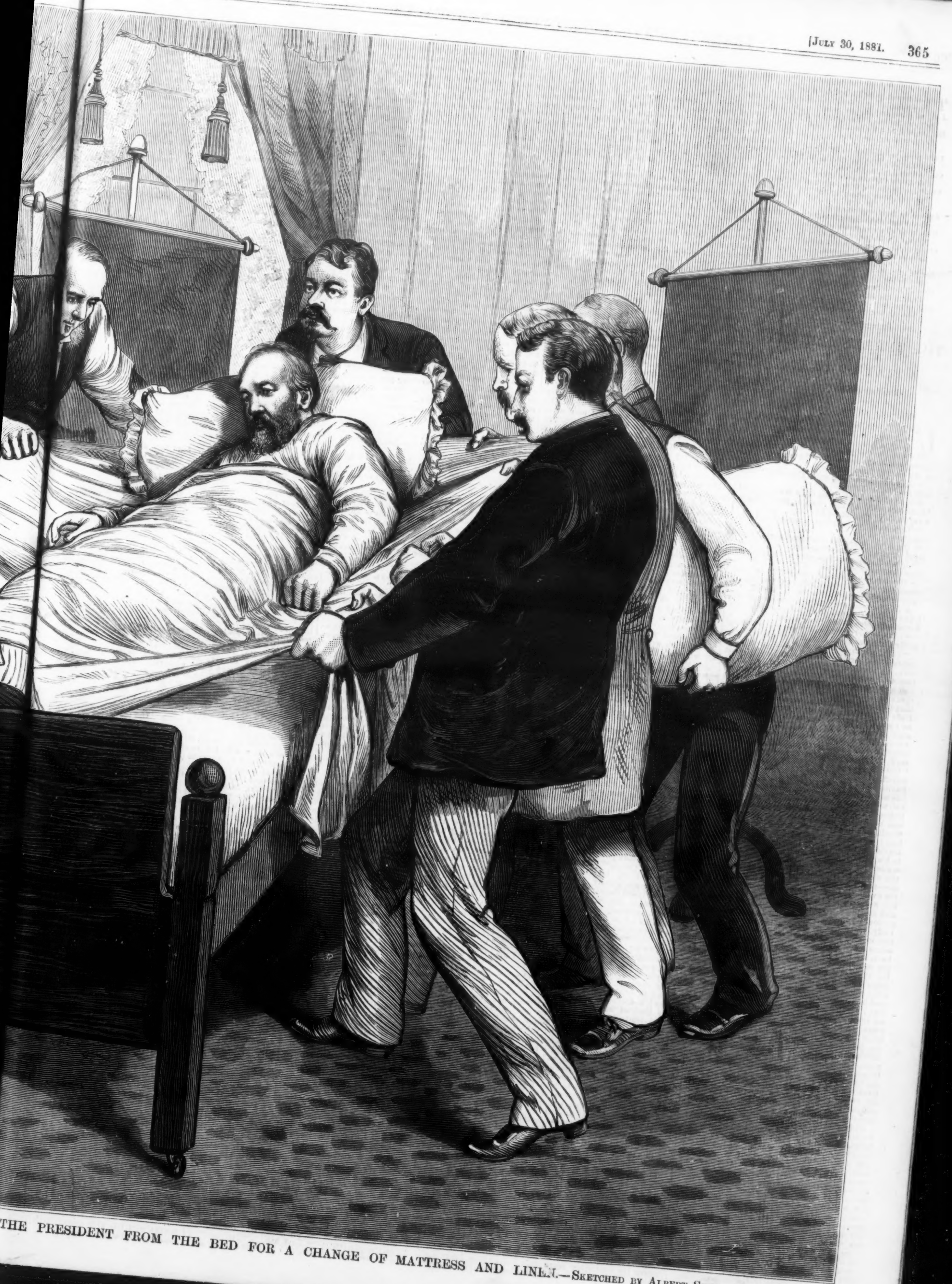
—AN expedition is being planned by the French in Cochinchina for the definite annexation of Anam, under some such scheme as that which has directed affairs in Tunis. It is believed that the whole territory of Tonquin will be brought under French protection. Fresh attacks are made upon Li Hung Chang, the Potent Viceroy of Chih-le, who holds the keys of the eastern part of the empire. A cabal, which it is believed he will overcome, has been instituted by the Palace party against him.

—THE new fiscal year opens with the promise that the unusually large receipts of last year will be fully maintained. To the close of business on the 9th inst., the receipts footed up \$10,638,000, or an average of over \$1,000,000 per day for the ten days of the current month, including Sunday and the Fourth of July. Of the amount above stated about \$5,000,000 were received from customs, and \$4,500,000 from internal revenue. Should the receipts from these two sources continue at the rate marked for the preceding ten days, the receipts for July will aggregate at least \$33,000,000, as over \$3,000,000 will be received during the month from the tax on banks.

—A WHALER, which has just arrived at San Francisco, reports that, before leaving Behring Straits, she spoke the whaler *Progress*, and from her learned that Indians near East Cape had found the two missing whalers, *Vigilant* and *Mount Wollaston*. The Indians found three corpses only on board the *Vigilant*, and, from their appearance, it was evident that they had died in the first year of their captivity in the ice. The Indians brought away from the *Vigilant* some money, a spyglass, bomb-gun and fowling-piece. No one, dead or alive, was found on the *Mount Wollaston*. The revenue cutter *Corwin* has sent a sledge party in search of the Indians to recover the articles named and obtain further information. There is no news from the *Joannetta*.



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—THE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, WITH OTHER ATTENDANTS. THE



THE PRESIDENT FROM THE BED FOR A CHANGE OF MATTRESS AND LINEN.—SKETCHED BY ALBERT SHULTS.—SEE PAGE 361.

A DESTINY.

THE southern water lapped the sand,
Breathing the regular breath of sleep;
A bit of orange-bough her hand
Held, which she did not care to keep;
She threw it, and the breezes bland
Swept it along the deep.

Land-green on water-green it lay,
Shifting and drifting, tossing, blown,
Only a twig; yet, day by day,
The tropic current bore it on,
Till, through the fog-folds, cold and gray,
The chill, blue iceberg shone.

Against its hard unstable feet,
That which had neither planned nor striven
With froth of angry ocean beat;
Then, in a frozen crevice driven,
Clung broken, spent, a wreck complete—
Lost to the sight of heaven.

Her life I saw—as lightly tossed
As this, on Youth's sweet water—start
Steadily towards a land of frost,
From home and kindred driven apart,
Only to be destroyed and lost
Upon the world's cold heart.

THE TYRANNY OF FATE; OR, A FIAT OF DRACO.

BY MISS ANNIE DUFFELL.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED).

LADY GRACE bows and intimates she will be happy to hear the business of her sister-in-law.

The sister-in-law is silent for a few minutes, during which she is studying the tranquil face of the Earl of Sinclair's wife.

"Lady Sinclair," she says, abruptly, "you love my husband?"

But Lady Sinclair is too old a war-horse to be disconcerted by this charge; she reclasps a refractory bracelet, and says:

"That is an extraordinary assertion, Lady Beaumont."

"We have received extraordinary treatment—you and I, Lady Sinclair."

"In what way, may I inquire?" Lady Grace is inclined to be cautious.

"We have both been scorned by a man whose duty it was to have loved us." Evidently Lady Irene believes in wasting no words.

A flush comes over the countenance of the Duke of Carlisle's daughter, but she maintains her steady stare at her companion.

"I fail to perceive," she observes, "wherein Sir Cuthbert owed any duty to me."

"Then, perhaps, I am mistaken in certain impressions," replies the other. "Be that as it may, you loved him! Stop, madame, I mean no insult. I have come upon business, as I told you, and that business may involve some plain speaking upon both sides; but the very fact that I have gathered courage to come forth from my oblivion and show myself, wrecked as I am, should be a guarantee of the importance and sincerity of my motives. I am Irene Ashburn, the faithless wife, the shameless friend, the lost woman, the inhuman mother—well, so be it!" She draws her breath hard.

"But if he had loved me it would have been different. I had no heart, perhaps, but I had vanity and pride, and the injury he did them has made me what I am. Although I dragged his name down to the level of the lowest, although I won from him his friend and thrust him before the public as a man whose wife would sink to any shame and infamy to escape him; although I robbed him of his child, leaving to the mercy of the slums the last heir to his titles, it was not enough! I have waited—waited for him to love as he never loved you nor me. I swore that he should never escape me—that I would chain myself to him a corpse for ever—that I would stand between him and all woman's love! I come to keep my vow and complete my vengeance. Melodramatic, no doubt, you pronounce it, but I am in earnest." Lady Grace has never doubted it, how could she, looking into the flashing eyes, the furious, ashen face. "I'll show him the woman whom he is striving by his wealth and influence to put in the place he thought me unworthy to fill. His was not the only offer I had; plenty of other titles were offered me; I was a handsome woman. I was an honest one when I married him—it was only after I became his wife that I became evil—yet the whole world saw his aversion to me, his reluctance to our marriage. Now he loves and he shall see who he loves—the foul and rotten lie, the viper that she is! But I cannot do this alone—I, the faithless wife, the woman lost to honor for so many years, that is what he would say." The bitter, unrepentant, defiant smile that wreathes the thin lips sickens even Lady Grace. "So I have come to you for assistance. You can help me sweep this avalanche upon him, you can aid me to crush him in the insolence of his honor and his triumphs."

Lady Sinclair is silent; all this is very well—in fact, the exact sentiment of her own heart. But Lady Sinclair is a supremely cautious and worldly woman, and, although her resentment for Beaumont is deep and bitter, she is not prepared to sacrifice her reputation to it. She is inclined to be suspicious of this assistance demanded. They are sisters-in-law, to be sure; but, whereas one is the lost and outcast woman, the other's character is still irreproachable, and, although the time was when, in the height of her futile passion, she would have sacrificed her wealth and social distinction to have become this man's wife, now that a barrier to the end of time is between them, her worldly reason has returned to her, and she begins to think that, after all, social power and secure titles are not things to be despised.

"I am sure," she says, cautious of com-

mitting herself, "if I can aid you in any way—"

"Aid me?" interrupts her visitor, passionately. "Great heaven! am I the only one, then, to whom revenge is dear? To me it is meat and drink. Does not your father's blood quicken in your veins at thought of dragging to the very dust the cold heart of that man? Are you so tame, spiritless, that you will stand by while he revels in the love that he shamed us with by withholding from us, when it is in your power to crush him. Kill him through that woman!"

Somebody's blood surely quickens in the veins of this offspring of the Duke of Carlisle, for a flush slowly steals to her face, and in her eyes comes that half-sullen, ferocious look that shows she is the duke's own daughter, and promises success to her sister-in-law, who, by one of those peculiar little phases of society, might also have been her stepmother in those years when, far from an old man, the duke's worldly, blasé heart was warmed into passion by the reckless, dashing daughter of the Earl of Ashburn. But those years are dead and buried, and from the sepulchre the stone may not be rolled.

"Do you mean to say that you have no scores to settle with this man?" continues the sister-in-law, in a voice of suppressed passion. "Do you think me an impostor that you hesitate to show me your soul? Do you doubt me—I who, sunk, lost, ruined though I am, am still a peeress of the realm of England? I thought your father's pride would rise in arms at this insult. I did not suppose you could ever forgive the shame of failure—forget the agony of abdication. I thought your pride would rise, as mine did, at being made the gibe and scorn of your enemies by failing to touch the heart of that man after all the years he was your constant attendant. To fail then—to yield the conquest to another after the world had made him yours so long! I have never got over my shame. I should think you never could!"

"I never have—never shall!"

The mutter is wrung from Lady Grace, and in her eyes is a dull, heavy pain.

"Ah, I thought not; to renounce before the curious, triumphant gaze of the world that has so long been one's own—the pain of it is not so easily forgotten! I have tasted of it, and can tell of these things. Now, let me tell you what I know of this Countess Melbourne. A fine countess is she, as you will see! She is no more of a Hungarian than I am; she is not allied in the remotest manner to any nobility. She is an adventuress; she has come here in disguise; her lover at this very minute is in London; her purpose is to rob and defraud the British public; they live and trade upon her loveliness; there is not a gambling hell upon the continent that has not known her; she has ruined more men, destroyed more homes, broken more women's hearts, than will ever be known until she stands at the bar of Judgment with the rest of us; she it was who ruined Dick Hamilton; she has the worst reputation of any woman in Europe—in a word, she is Natalie Dorita, the most notorious adventuress of the age!"

"And he loves her!" All that merciless wrath that would have left a helpless woman to the torture of the flames is in the tone as those words again escape Lady Sinclair. Her worldly creed, her cold prudence, where are they now? She sees and feels the surety of her vengeance in this minute, even as the woman before her sees it. Like her she has always felt that through that grand and entire love of Beaumont's she could in time strike the mailed heart which has never yet yielded to her power. As the smell and taste of blood is to the beasts of the jungle, so is this revelation to her soul; it brings forth all the dark and evil traits of her latent nature.

"But are you sure of this?" she continues, quickly.

"As sure as that you and I stand here."

"Have you proofs?" fearfully.

"It proves itself; let him accuse her of it; let her vindicate herself if she can—bare her past to him if she dare!"

"But I must understand it first; I cannot undertake anything until it is clear to me. Let me think; how did she enter our society—who vouched for her?"

"Lord Jerome," promptly responds the other, showing that her hate has left no loophole of escape.

"Ah, yes; she is a relative of his. I am afraid you have mistaken—"

"Fear nothing," interrupts Beaumont's wife. "I know of what I am talking. Who is Lord Jerome? A dissipated noble, almost a stranger in the land of his birth—a man who has traveled the greater part of his life; who would not be countenanced in decent society were it not for his wealth and titles; who, even as it is, has been compelled more than once to flee the country in which he dwelt. Is he of much value as a guarantee? Yet, with all this evidence, I can do nothing. You must assist me. If I were to go to Beaumont, he would not listen to me; he would most probably strangle me, or pitch me into the street. That charming and stately countess of his manner is not proof against the shame I brought upon him in the past. Nothing would be proof, I think, against that. Bless God, I am that far even with him!" Then abruptly,

"Will you assist me, now?"

Lady Sinclair's resolution is taken.

"I will assist you upon one condition (it is my duty to prevent my brother from marrying such a woman), that all this shame is not to be made public; we are to keep the affair within ourselves."

The other's face darkens fiercely.

"I will not accept those conditions!" she cries. "The world shall see the creature he loves—know what treachery has encompassed him."

"Listen," says Lady Grace. "You cannot yearn for vengeance more than I do. I believe I could see him strung and quartered!

Yet, to show him how basely he has been deceived in the only one he ever trusted—what a foul and rotten lie his heart has lit upon in its first love; that her lover has been with her in secret, even while in outward life she won his love, to dupe and betray him; that greater depths of falsehood and blindness never was than those to which he has fallen—he, with his pride and coldness and invulnerability—such vengeance as that is enough for me. He will be blind, crushed, dead, with his anguish. The knowledge that the world knows the wrong done to him will not add a drop to his cup; it has no room for more. Besides, you do not know how he loves; it is a mania with him. I saw him plunge into a swaying mass of fire, with no chance whatever of saving her, when the whole mass was likely to tumble down upon his head; it was nothing to him. Neither is the world of more consequence. It will not add one pang for him to know that his disgrace is published abroad. You sunk him once in his pride. You cannot do it now; that time has gone by. The torture and shame and loathing of himself will deaden him to everything else and wipe out all our debts. Besides, how would it increase his shame? Infatuated with her, the world knows he is. Put none, save his brother, knows that he intends to sweep every obstacle away—to use his power and influence in removing the prejudice to divorce that now exists in England—that is, divorce for the purpose of a second marriage. He is not married to her; it would not hurt him more in the sight of the world than the rest of society who has gone mad over her."

"I accept your condition," says Lady Beaumont, briefly. "It is natural for you to want to save your credit. I, who have none to save, am not so thoughtful. When will you commence—how will you commence?"

"I cannot tell yet. You must give me time to think. No advantage can accrue from excessive haste. The longer he is kept in ignorance the more firmly do the bands become riveted upon him."

"Well," says the other, the old, hard look deepening in her eyes, "my business is through for the present. I will relieve you of my presence."

"I wish it were possible for me to offer you a home here; but"—again Lady Sinclair pauses in some embarrassment; it is an embarrassing affair, since her ladyship has somehow received the impression that her visitor has no higher opinion of the Duke of Carlisle's daughter than she has of the Earl of Ashburn's.

"It requires no apology," observes the latter. "I see how complicated is your position. I will bid you good day."

"But—but—have you—if you—that is, if you are in need of funds, and I fear you are, I should be very happy to be allowed to supply—"

"Thank you," interrupts the visitor, drawing her veil and preparing to depart. "I have no need of assistance."

"I hope I have not offended; it was not my intention," observes Lady Sinclair. "And, before you go, would it not be well to leave me your address?"

The woman hands her a piece of paper upon which is written a certain number in a certain poor and even disreputable neighborhood in London, and is shown to the door. That night Lady Grace performs her duty. That duty consists of forwarding to her brother-in-law a faithful account of all that has transpired during the day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NATALIE sits alone in her private apartment of the spacious mansion that her tyrant has rented for her English career, when the door of the chamber is suddenly thrown open and in it she sees the smiling, dusky face of her enemy. He stands there for an instant motionless, and the woman springs to her feet in the first shock of surprise; it has been six weeks since last she saw this man, and she had thought that as much longer would be allowed her untortured by his presence.

"You back!" she cries, sharply.

He nods and laughs, and enters the room. Then behind him she sees a tall, majestic form, roughly clad; a dark, honest face, its beautiful eyes beaming with the sudden joy of this meeting. And then a great, gasping cry breaks from her—a cry of "Joan—Joan!"

The fisher-girl bounds to her side and flings her arms about the stately form, and a half-sob breaks from her:

"Oh, madame, my dear—my dear!" she cries. "Without you I have been lonelier nor death!"

"Is it really you, Joan?" murmurs Natalie, in a dazed, wondering way.

"Yes, madame, dear, it's me, Joan! But have ye no word of welcome?"

"But why have you come?" cries out the other, sharply.

Joan glances at her in surprised reproach. She sees the darkened tresses, the blanched face, with its hard, fierce lines, the haunting, almost abject, fear in the eyes rimmed around with dark circles, that extend into the colorless, hollow cheek. She sees but says nothing; the quick and powerful brain of this girl of the coast divines that some great and hopeless trouble envelops her friend, but into that trouble she makes no effort to pierce, knowing that in good time, if it be proper, it will be revealed. But the reproach leaves her face.

"I came to find the mother, dear," she says. Her tones vibrate with joy. "Just to think, the mother! And d'ye mind how we hunted the night for her over on the island? Well, madame, she is found—found! She had wandered away over here to England—the poor, straying one! An' this good man he did coom to bring me to her, for he has found her; but she could not travel to me, and he'll take me to her on the morrow. Ah, God has been ferry good—better nor I deserve!"

Natalie is silent; she turns her glance upon the man in a stern, questioning regard, and as she meets his lustrous eyes, filled with their laughter and malice, a sickening conviction seizes her that it is all an utter lie—that the ignorant, unsuspicious fisher-girl has been decoyed thither to further some scheme of his own—is held in a net of machinations—that his shrewd and crafty brain has indeed ferreted out the mystery, which, from certain developments, she has long suspected existed. She says not a word, but kisses the girl tenderly, secretly vowing to protect her to the utmost of her capacity. When Joan has partaken of refreshments and retired to the adjoining chamber, where, exhausted by long travel, she slumbers soundly, the man rises and goes to Natalie's side.

"Do not have hard words between us to-night," he pleads, laying his hand upon her arm. "Do you know, Natalie, I missed you terribly while I was away."

He is standing thus, his eyes filled with the passionate light of that wayward affection that anon sweeps back to him in its pristine strength, when the door is thrown open, and in it appears Beaumont.

For a moment the man is petrified as their dupe confronts him, but in the next he turns to Natalie. His hand is still upon her arm; it tightens to a grip. His eyes are fierce and dangerous with their evildest power.

"Betray me if you dare?" The words, in an undertone, break swiftly, hissing, from him, freighted with a terrible significance. Then his glance seeks that motionless figure in the doorway. To the eyes of both of these men leaps that instinctive hatred that has always made them thirst for each other's blood. As ever, the wild brute in each of their natures leaps forth; they stand confronting one another with gleaming eyes and tightly-compressed lips, and of one accord draw nearer together. The woman stands rigid as marble. Then from the lips of her tyrant, who addresses himself to Beaumont, breaks a hiss like an adder's:

"My time has come!"

The mocking eyes, the triumphant face, the jeering voice, lash the statesman into an untamable fury. With his usually immovable face inflamed with a lion's wrath he leaps upon his foe. His supple hand closes upon his throat, as if to crush out that treacherous, sin-steeped life; in his eyes, darkly lurid, glows the blood-thirst.

"Dog!" he hisses, "die as you should. But first tell me what this woman is to you?"

With that serpent-like, sinewy quickness, the other writhes free from the deadly grip, and his hand seeks his breast; a small, hair-like stiletto, but of the most dangerous type, flashes in the light of the gleaming tapers. He holds it, but makes no effort to use the weapon, evidently intended for a defense. And as he stands thus, he tosses the soft, dark hair from his brow; the drooping Southern eyes gleam like fire; a wine-red flush stains each cheek; his lips, full and beautiful as a child's, are parted in a smile that always comes with his deadliest wrath. His face is filled with a lawless, unearthly beauty, half-devilish, half-divine. What woman could withstand such a man as this even though he be a mere animal? But the more reason Beaumont sees for the shameful alliance between Natalie and this wondrous brute, the fiercer grows that desperate rage, that deadly, agonizing jealousy that shivers through all his being. His teeth grind into his lip. Again that delicious mutter breaks from him as he stands panting, still doubtful as to whether he shall leap upon his adversary and fight him to the death.

"What is she to you?"

The other has started for the door; he turns now, looking back over his shoulders at the man and the woman, while his long eyes grow radiant with their devilish triumph and laughter.

"Ask her!" he says, and shuts the door between them. And Beaumont turns to her. She stands like a statue, still, her face lovelier in its vanished pride, its abject terror, its stony despair than at any moment of her proudest triumphs. A sickening shudder passes over him. That new passion and new faith have been strong in him, but at last faith is dead—that faith that rejected circumstantial evidence and withstood the accusations of her enemies. That infinite trust and tenderness are vanished, but his love does not forsake her—that love that borders close upon a ruthless hatred; and while he abhors and curses her with all the force of his naturally violent nature, his every instinct goes out to her in desperate and perpetual craving. And this is the woman whom he has loved—this creature confronting him in the shadow of her infamy, in the brand of her guilt.

"God have mercy on us!" The hoarse mutter breaks from him almost unconsciously. His lips are dry and parched as dust; a great horror, a great misery, a great wonder stare vacantly from out his heavy eyes. He stares blindly at her, suffocated, mad with his blow. The faith in him had been braver, the love stronger, the passion more intolerant because of their utter newness! He has adored her with that idolatry that Pagans give their gods—and yet, of what avail? Once again his life is shattered and laid waste by a woman—once again he tastes the bitterness of a broken faith. But this last is greater than all that has gone before. Love instead of pride struggles now in the agony of its death throes—love that, while it measures the greatness of her injury to him, still covets the injurer.

"What is the tie between you and that brute?" A tinge of passion has crept into the tones; a burning, wavering flush steals across the bronze, rigid features of his face.

The woman stands mute as stone. He moves closer to her, and unconsciously an imploring pathos comes in his eyes, still fierce and dazed with their blinding misery.

"Tell me"—he speaks now less with command than with pleading, while his breast

heaven—"what is he to you? You have been my life, my idol, my soul! I have given you my whole existence! I have loved you as I never expected to love woman—as I never shall love God! I have trusted you. Think of the trust I have put in you—greater man never gave woman—I, whose life in the past has been burnt away to cinders, who have once before been cursed and weighed down with the ashes of a ruined faith! Yet they would have me believe that, while I laid my manhood at your feet, while you held my soul in your hand, you were false as perdition, that while you won my love you were another's. Oh, heaven! what wonder that I am mad! Speak and say that such treachery is not in you!"

The wild words break from him almost unconsciously, and his dilated eyes, eager for some token of her innocence, stare at her in piteous entreaty.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL ARCHERY TOURNAMENT.

THE tournament of the National Archery Association, which took place last week on the Prospect Park Ground in Brooklyn, proved a most attractive affair to the participants and spectators. A prettier picture than the grounds presented on the opening day it would be difficult to imagine. The ground was dotted with targets; some of the gentlemen wore rich green tunics, belted at the waist, and green caps, while many of the ladies were clad in dresses with short skirts and closely-fitting bodices of green. Here and there a quiver filled with the feathered shafts was slung to the shoulder of a lady. Many of the ladies wore jaunty caps with broad visors to protect the eyes, and capes to protect the neck from the sun's rays. A plot of about twenty acres, on the western side of the Prospect Ground, was marked out by flags and ropes, within whose limits none but the archers and reporters were admitted. Half a dozen tents were pitched at regular intervals for the convenience of the participants in the tourney. The grass had been mowed close, affording a broad, velvety carpet of green on which the movements of the marksmen were conducted to excellent advantage. Ten targets were stationed on the east and ten on the west side of the inclosure for the gentlemen. A single row of ten more stretched along the southern edge for the use of the ladies. Many people watched the shooting from the tents at the western end of the range, as well as from carriages, frequently applauding when an arrow lit in the gold.

Competitors were present from the following clubs: The Wahash Merry Bowmen, Crawfordville, Ind.; Highland Park, Ill.; North Side Club, Chicago; Crescent Bowmen, Charlotte, Ill.; Brooklyn Archery Club; Saratoga Bowmen; Oritana Archers, Hackensack, N. J.; Allegheny County Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Toxophilites, Newark, N. J.; Merry Bowmen of St. Clair, Easton, Ohio; New York Archery Club; Fenwick Club, Boston; Poughkeepsie Archers; Ellenville Archers; California Archers, San Francisco; Lycoming Archers, Williamsport, Pa.; College Hill Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The programme comprised the National round for ladies and the York round for gentlemen. The former included two courses, the first of 48 arrows at 60 yards and 24 arrows at 50 yards. The York round included 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, and 24 arrows at 60 yards. There were 20 contestants in the National round and about double that number in the York round. After a certain number of arrows had been discharged at the eastern targets the line of archers, to the beating of the drum, crossed the field with military precision, and, wheeling about, discharged an equal number at the targets on the west side. The ladies kept their positions in front of their single line of targets until each course of the round had been shot off. Mrs. Gibbs, of the Newark Club, made the highest score in each course, and Mr. Frank Sidway, of the Buffalo Toxophilites, was the winner of all three courses in the York round.

On the second day there was a continuation of the National round for ladies and the York round for gentlemen. At the close it was found that Mr. F. H. Walworth, of Saratoga, had won the championship medal by a score of 763 points in the two days' shooting. This is 57 better than Mr. Peddinghaus's score last year. B. Williams, Jr., came second, with 745 points; F. Sidway, of Buffalo, third, with 706, and W. H. Thompson, the veteran bowman, was fourth, with 583 points; Mrs. Gibbs, of Newark, won the Ladies' Championship Medal, with 393 points; Miss Morton, of New York, made 383, and Miss Morrison, of Cincinnati, 348. The scores made were good compared with the American records, although the best English records nearly double most of them.

On the third day the prizes were awarded. Mr. Walworth, having scored the greatest number of points at the double York round, had first choice of prizes, and for the greatest gross score in the same round had second choice of prizes. For the first he chose an archer's ashram, containing three Horman bows and one dozen arrows, valued at \$100; for the second he chose a high silk hat. Colonel R. Williams, Jr., of San Francisco, had third choice of prizes. Mrs. Gibbs, of Newark, was awarded the championship medal, and, as she had first and second choice of prizes in the national round, chose a diamond lace-pin and one dozen Granger prize arrows. Miss Morton won the third choice of prizes, selected a set of tablespoons and forks with morocco case. She also had another choice for making the greatest number of "red" hits, and for this chose one dozen Aldred prize arrows. Proceeding in this manner with the order of merit, twenty-four prizes were awarded to the ladies in the national and twenty-four to the gentlemen in the double York round. In the ladies' handicap there were twelve prizes; the first, a point-lace scarf, was awarded to Miss Bigelow, who scored the greatest number of points. The prizes for the gentlemen's handicap were thirteen, and the first, a gold medal set with diamonds, was awarded to Mr. D. A. Nash, of Brooklyn.

THE MAGNIFICENT IRON SCREW-STEAMSHIP "ELBE."

THE latest addition to the fleet of Atlantic steamships—the *Elbe*, of the New York and Bremen Line—is in every respect a notable specimen of the best and most improved styles of modern steamship construction. The *Elbe*, built for the North German Lloyd Company by John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, is an iron screw steamship of nearly 5,000 tons gross register, having a length of 440 feet, a breadth of 45 feet, and a depth of 36 feet 6 inches. She is classed in the highest grade of the Bureau Veritas, with several extras over their requirements, such as lower and orlop decks and additional water-tight bulkheads. All the decks and deck work are constructed either of teak or iron. With a view to protect the vessel from the heavy Atlantic seas, strongly constructed iron turtle-backs are placed over both ends of the ship. Situated in the centre of the upper deck are houses for the officers, firemen and others, together with galleys, smoking-room and entrances to first and second-class saloons, while overhead there is a promenade deck of about 80 feet long, and the whole width of the ship, solely appropriated to the use of first-class

passengers. In addition to the accommodation for the officers and crew, 170 in number, the vessel is designed to carry 130 first-class, 120 second-class, and 1,000 steerage passengers. The first and second-class passengers are located on the main deck, while the steerage passengers are berthed on the lower deck. The chief saloon is placed forward of the engines and boilers. The chief dining-saloon—a very handsome and comfortable apartment, about 40 feet square—is beautifully lighted by a cupola from the promenade deck. Its style is German Renaissance, and the whole apartment has been constructed in the most elegant manner, the materials used being black walnut and bird's-eye maplewood. On the sides of the saloon are panels painted in oil, with fruit, flowers and birds, on a ground of gold. Between the windows carved pilasters are neatly introduced. The aft wall of the first-cabin saloon is decorated with rich carving, representing allegorical figures, and is further embellished by two paintings, executed by a well-known German artist, Mr. Arthur Fitger, of Bremen. The subject of one painting is Ulysses longing to escape from the arms of the Nymph Calypso, and in the second one is seen his true spouse Penelope awaiting his return. The North German Lloyd arms and the arms of great commercial cities are tastefully introduced in the cornice work, and the saloon, as a whole, could scarcely be more complete or artistically attractive. The ladies' saloon, situated on the promenade deck, designed, like the dining-saloon, by Mr. Poppe, of Bremen, is fitted up in similarly luxurious style in ebonyized wood and gold. The covering for the furniture is peacock-blue embossed velvet. As a further attraction in this saloon, the walls have been elaborately carved, paneled and corniced, whilst silk tapestry has been introduced. The style, like that followed in the dining-saloon, is also Renaissance, though more Italian in detail than that observed in the other apartment. The ladies' saloon is lighted by four side lights and two windows forward, and is brilliantly illuminated at night by four large lamps attached to the mast between the mirrors. The curtains correspond with the furniture and the carpet is of a gray plush. Divans are placed around the sides of the saloon and surround the mainmast, which penetrates this saloon, hidden by rich artistic carving and handsome mirrors. The tables, large and small, are of ebonyized wood and black walnut.

The staterooms for first-cabin passengers are situated forward and aft of the saloon, and are all of large dimensions. They contain beds of various sizes that can partly be extended in width according to the desire of the occupant. The second-cabin staterooms and saloon are aft, and are fitted up and decorated in a plain but tasteful manner. The furniture in this saloon is upholstered with red plush. The rooms in the second cabin are large and pleasant. The saloon contains two rows of tables, and is exceedingly comfortable.

Both first and second cabin smoking-rooms are on deck, the former forward, the latter aft. The first cabin smoking-room is the larger, and is decorated with tasteful paneling, variegated with red-and-gold tapestry and carving. The walls of this apartment are also ornamented with six allegorical figures painted by the artist Fitger. The gallery is on deck, and the pantry immediately beneath it and connected with it by an elevator.

The *Elbe* is rigged with four pole masts of iron, with yards on the fore and mainmasts. She is provided with steam windlass, steam and hand-steering gear, steam winches, steam hold pumps, steam "navy" pumps, fresh-water condenser, and combines all the modern appliances to secure the safety of the vessel at sea and facilitate the working of the cargo. The engines of the *Elbe* are of the three-cylinder type, with one high-pressure cylinder 60 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure of 85 inches in diameter, having a stroke of five feet. The boilers are four in number, double-ended, each 15 feet in diameter by 17 feet 6 inches long, and are of iron, constructed for a working pressure of 80 pounds on the square inch. There are 24 furnaces, made of mild steel, on Fox's patent corrugated principle. Among the improvements in the *Elbe*'s machinery may be noticed her crank-shaft, which is entirely of Krupp's crucible-cast steel, and is built up of separate pieces on a system introduced by the builders. The propeller-shaft is also of steel, by the patent hollow hydraulic-pressure process, which gives sixty per cent. greater strength than an iron shaft of the same dimensions, while its weight is not much more than half that of the other. The propeller blades are made of manganese-bronze, a material rapidly superseding iron and steel for the purpose. In her first trip across the Atlantic to this port, the *Elbe* justified in every way the expectations of her builders, and she is destined, no doubt, to become a favorite with trans-Atlantic travelers.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Hindoo Shrine at Allahabad.

That ancient city of India—Allahabad—at the confluence of the Jumna with the Ganges, 600 miles north-west of Calcutta, has in past ages been successively hallowed by devotees of the Brahmins and of the Moslem religions. Its Great Mosque is a stately building adjacent to the esplanade of the fort; and beneath the fort there is a subterranean Hindoo temple, entered by a long passage sloping downwards, which is greatly revered by worshippers of the antique Indian superstition. It is adorned with huge figures of their mythological deities, and contains what seems to be a spring of water from the rock, but which the Hindoos believe to be a secret outlet of the holy river Saraswati, a stream associated with the goddess of divine learning, that sinks and disappears, as if seeking refuge from the impiety of mankind, in the sandy desert of Sindh, four hundred miles to the northwest of Allahabad.

The French Polar Expedition.

An extraordinary interest is manifested in the Polar regions this year, and over a half-dozen expeditions are now en route to that locality. Two search parties from the United States, one each from Norway and Sweden and Denmark, a private one from England, and an official one from France, certainly form a force large enough to yield important results. The French expedition sailed in the latter part of June direct for the Norwegian port of Vadsø, in the paddle-steamer *Cedryg*. M. G. Pouchet, the scientific director of the *Nile*, was charged by the Minister of Public Instruction to proceed to these higher regions in order to collect, for the French National Museum, objects of natural history inhabiting these seas and the adjacent islands, and the Minister of Marine commissioned the *Cedryg* for this service. M. Pouchet is accompanied by two distinguished naturalists of the faculty at Lille, M. de Goerne and Balnos, and a young physician to take charge of the meteorological instruments.

A Summer Holiday Excursion from Berlin.

Those who go down to the sea for a *séjour* at the grand caravanseries which mark our coast-line Summer resorts present about the same appearance as this multitude of German families, bent on a day's recreation, away from the noise, business and heat of Berlin. Men and women, too, the world over, are always in a hurry, in excitement, in perplexity when travelling. Selfishness controls the majority. Every one wants to get the best seat in the car, to be the first one on the steamboat and the first off. People who regard themselves as types of good-breeding, as pinks of politeness, are not averse to attempting to gain an advantage by pulling backward some one who has got a little ahead. The scramble at the ticket-office, the dash for the cars or boats, the crowding and elbowing for seats, the throw-

ing up of windows and the pulling down of the same, are about as marked in the gay capitals of Europe as here. The small boy, always getting lost, or knocked down, or trampled on, has as small comfort in Europe as here, and the little revenges he resorts to when the crushing is passed are alike wherever he is. No matter how charming, attentive, polite, self-sacrificing people may be when they get quietly seated and cooled off, it is practically "every one for himself" at the railroad stations and steamboat landings.

Cleopatra's Needle in London.

Our engraving shows the base of Cleopatra's Needle on the Victoria Embankment as it appears with the two bronze Sphinxes and the corner pieces attached. These Sphinxes, which were cast on March 19th, are placed at the base of the Needle in line with the Embankment, one looking towards Westminster and the other towards the city. Each Sphinx is 19 feet long by 6 feet wide, and 9 feet high over all, and weighs about seven tons. The four wings, one of which is placed at each of the angles of the obelisk, where it rests on the masonry base, are also cast in bronze, as well as the four fluting pieces between the wings. Each of the fluting pieces represents the cartouche of Thothmes III., the insignia being the sun, a draughtboat and a beetle.

Milan, Italy, from the Ticino Gate.

The beautiful City of Milan, always overflowing with interest to the tourist, is now a more popular resort than ever by reason of the great national exhibition being held there. The array of attractions is so vast and diversified that tourists are turning by the thousand from their prearranged routes in order to stop over in Milan. Our view of the city is taken from a point near the Ticino Gate, which leads to Paris, and by which Bonaparte entered the city after the battle of Marengo. For a short time it was known as the Porta Marengo. Its Ionic portico was built in 1815 from a design of the Marquis Cognola. The mediæval Porta Ticinese, on the borders of the Canal, but nearer the centre of the city, has been recently rebuilt on the original plan.

Installation of Prince Leopold.

Monday, June 20th, was appointed for the formal admission of Prince Leopold to a seat in Parliament as Duke of Albany. His Royal Highness reached Westminster shortly before four p.m., and was received by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. The Princess of Wales, two of the Princesses, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were in the gallery. The throne was uncovered, and two chairs were placed on the left—one for the Prince of Wales, and one for the new Peer. At four o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat, and there were about fifty Peers present, the procession entered, headed by the Black Rod, and followed by Garter-King-at-Arms. The Royal Princess, in their Peers' robes, filed past the table to the woolsack, followed by the Earl Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain. The Lord Chancellor bowed, Prince Leopold retired to the table, took the oath, and signed the roll. The procession then reformed, and again advanced up the House to the woolsack. Here, after a brief pause, the Prince of Wales led the way to the two chairs near the throne. In one of these Prince Leopold was formally installed, and, immediately rising, proceeded to the woolsack and shook hands with the Lord Chancellor. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge did the same. The whole ceremony lasted less than half an hour.

New Buildings, Temple Gardens, London.

The handsome and highly-decorated palatial frontage of these buildings is one of the most recent architectural additions to the Thames Embankment. The internal apartments are now fully occupied as barristers' chambers, to which access may be gained from Temple Bar through Middle-Temple Lane. The arched passage in the centre of the buildings forms a communication from the bottom of that lane, crossing a piece of garden, to the Thames Embankment. The buildings have been erected by the two Inns of Court jointly, as each desired to improve its own property. The central archway is surmounted by a carved balcony, flanked by niches, in which are statues of Justice and Learning.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Birmingham has resolved to invite the British Association to hold their annual meeting for 1883 in that town.

Herr Scholer, who was sent out by the German African Society, has returned to Zanzibar after founding a station at Kikoma.

The Italian Traveler, Piaggia, returned to Khartum on April 30th. It is believed that he will be appointed Governor of the Fashoda District, and that the Austrian, Marus, will become Governor of the province of the Blue Nile.

Dr. Schillemann has been making explorations in the Troas, and among other discoveries he believes that he has found the site of the altar of the Twelve Gods. The municipal authorities of Berlin have conferred the freedom of the city upon the doctor in recognition of his having presented his valuable collections to the Royal Museum.

The Scientific Commission, recently dispatched from Paris, has arrived at Zanzibar on its way to examine M. Palva's vast concession in the Zambesi region, which it is proposed to develop by means of a company. The Commission is to investigate the resources of the territory, chiefly with regard to the mineral wealth supposed to exist there.

M. Jose Custodio, Marinha Grande, Leiria, Portugal, writes to say that the centenary of the death of the great Portuguese Minister, the Marquis of Pombal, is to be celebrated on May 8th of next year. In connection therewith it is desired to obtain information about William Stephens, who founded the first royal manufactory of glass in Portugal, under the patronage of Pombal. Any information whatever concerning Stephens will be welcomed.

M. d'Hérison, the French archaeologist, has, according to the *Foro Gallico*, been making excavations in Utica and its vicinity, and is now in Paris arranging his collection, which comprises 2,500 articles of different periods of history—chiefly Phœnician, Syrian, Carthaginian. Among them are a great number of lamps, flags, urns, rings and statues, all remarkably well preserved, and iron and clay vases with inscriptions, many of which are quite uninjured. The reason of this is believed to be that when the Arabs conquered the country they did not destroy the buildings inhabited by the Christian settlers, but simply allowed them to fall into ruin. The finest of the statues is a small Bacchus, of Parian marble, which was found by M. d'Hérison in a temple and is described as a masterpiece of the best period of Greek art. Near this statue was a mosaic floor three metres in circumference, representing winged tritons and dolphins of beautiful design and execution. There is also a large Phœnician urn of lead, in which was another urn of blue translucent glass, richly ornamented, probably containing the ashes of some wealthy Phœnician. The cost of the excavations was 100,000 francs, and it was defrayed by M. Alphonse de Rothschild, Sir Richard Wallace, M. Cahen d'Anvers, A. de Girardin and Count Camondo. M. d'Hérison states that if he had been supplied with sufficient means of transport he might have brought with him to Paris three or four times as many specimens as he now brings. He found many large statues which he could not move, and covered them with sand to preserve them from injury until he should be able to take them away.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Queen of Italy is summing in Naples. She is attached to the spot, as her only child was born there.

GENERAL GRANT had a Fourth of July token in the person of a grandson. Mrs. Fred Grant is the author of the new edition.

ADELINA PATTI has signed a contract for a season of concerts in the United States, beginning at Steinway Hall, New York, on November 9th.

THE French committee having charge of the proposed statue to Victor Hugo appeal to citizens of all countries for funds on behalf of the statue.

THOMAS PRON, of Cincinnati, a son-in-law of Governor Hendricks, has been killed by the Apaches who captured him near El Paso, Mexico, July 3d.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW's sixtieth birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment to his chair at Berlin are to be celebrated together, October 13th, by the Medical Society of Berlin.

JUSTICE CLIFFORD, of the United States Supreme Court, has undergone amputation of the foot for gangrene, and is as comfortable as could be expected. The chances of his recovery, however, are exceedingly small.

THE Governor and Council of New Hampshire have chosen the Hon. A. P. Carpenter, of Bath, to fill the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of that State caused by the resignation of Judge William L. Foster.

It is understood that Michael Davitt, now in custody under his ticket-of-leave, intends to employ his time in prison in writing a political and historical work to be published simultaneously in the United States and Ireland.

ROBERT GARRETT, a son of President Garrett, has been elected First Vice-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, vice William Keyser, resigned. A. J. Cassatt has been elected Vice-President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Road.

MR. CARTER, the new Minister to Venezuela, was once Speaker of the Louisiana House of Representatives. He was Professor of Law in the University of Mississippi at one time, and fortunately speaks Spanish very fluently. He was in the Confederate army and became a Republican in 1868.

GENERAL CIALDINI, the Italian Ambassador to France, has presented his letters of recall to President Grévy. He said that, having served his country for more than forty-five years, the time for his retirement from public life had come. Owing to the tension between France and Italy a successor to General Cialdini will not now be nominated.

GENERAL DI CESNOLA, the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has been received with much distinction in London. He was made an honorary member of the Athenæum Club, and entertainments have been given in his honor by Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, Sir John Lubbock and other men distinguished in literature, science and art.

THE Mikado of Japan is about to have erected for himself a new and extensive palace, which will be constructed entirely of wood. It will be at Yeddo, and the estimated cost will be \$5,000,000 yen, which is about \$5,000,000. Besides the residence, there will be a grand reception-hall in which State ceremonies will take place. This is to be of tiles and wood combined, and its estimated cost is \$170,000.

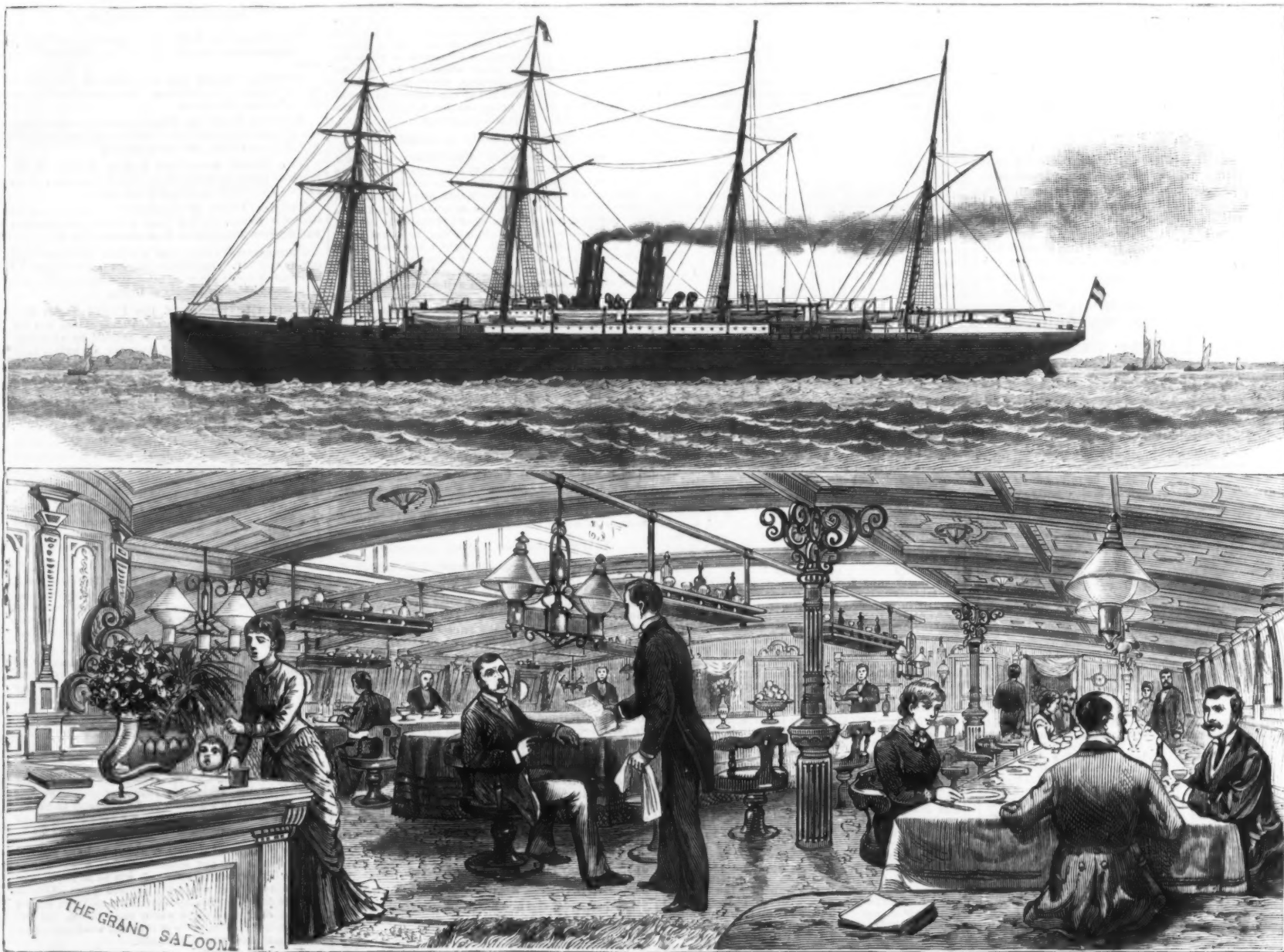
MR. BRADLAUGH has served a formal notice upon the Speaker and the other officers of the House of Commons protesting against his previous exclusions from the House as illegal, and giving notice that on or before August 3d he will present himself at the table of the House; that any one endeavoring to prevent him will be acting illegally, and that he will resist physical force, and endeavor to overcome it if offered.

OF Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian statesman and possible successor to the Marquis of Lorne, it is related that he began to study law when only fifteen years old, and was called to the Bar when barely twenty-one. Sir John is popular both in politics and society. He has great personal magnetism and an inexhaustible fund of wit. Lady Macdonald, who is much younger than her husband, is a clever woman and a thorough politician. She is the daughter of the late Hon. T. J. Bernard, of Jamaica, West Indies.

HIS MAJESTY of the Sandwich Islands, King Kalakaua, intends to visit the chief cities of Europe during his present tour. He was cordially received in Naples, where he arrived from Alexandria a short time ago. It may not be generally known that the King's son and nephew have been at school in Naples—the one in the military college, the other in the naval college. These young men were the first to board the ship which brought their royal relative to Italian shores. King Kalakaua was received by King Humbert at Capodimonte.

THE young Czar's present residence, the Palace of Peterhoff, though pleasantly situated beside the sea and surrounded by a splendid park, is scarcely a cheerful place. A ghastly atmosphere hangs about it. The luckless Princess Tarakanova, so runs the local tradition, had her last interview at Peterhoff with her pitiless rival, Catherine, before her consignment to the dungeon from which she never emerged. At Peterhoff also died Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the late Czar, around whose fate some mystery is said to hang. Every night the spirits of the two princesses are said to walk, and sometimes they weep. The weeping of the ghostly visitants, like the wailing of the banshees, is said to be the sure prognostic of coming death. On the evening of the fatal Sunday when the Czar was slain more than twenty persons declare they saw the princesses weeping.

OBITUARY.—July 7th.—John Williams Stirling, M. D., a distinguished physician and surgeon, who did a vast work for his profession by his writings, translations and lectures, at Staten Island, aged 85; Dr. Nelson Place, Jr., Surgeon of the Eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and a great friend of the poor on the east side of New York City, aged 42. July 8th.—Rev. Henry Octavius Cox, M. A., sub-Librarian of the Bodleian Library from 1855 to 1860, and chief librarian since, and the holder of many positions of honor, aged 69. July 10th.—Rev. John Barrett Kerfoot, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa., at Myrskdale, aged 65; Hon. Thomas F. Callaghan, Governor of the Bahamas Islands, in New York City, aged 49; Rev. Dr. F. H. Vanderveer, a well-known retired clergyman of the Reformed Church, formerly of Warwick, N. Y., at Livingston, aged 81; Hon. Phineas W. Hitchcock, ex-United States Senator from Nebraska, at Omaha, aged 50. July 11th.—Cornelius C. Poillon, senior member of the well-known ship-building firm of New York City, suddenly of cerebral meningitis at his home, aged 66. July 13th.—John A. Appleton, son of the founder of the publishing house of B. Appleton & Co., New York City, and a member of the firm, at Staten Island, aged 64; John G. Pemberton, Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army, and the officer in charge of Vicksburg during its memorable siege, at Penlynn, Pa., aged 64. July 14th.—Lewis Rockwell, ex-Sheriff and Treasurer of Pike County, Pa., at Milford, aged 103; Dr. John Hanson Thomas, one of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore, at White Sulphur Springs, aged 69.



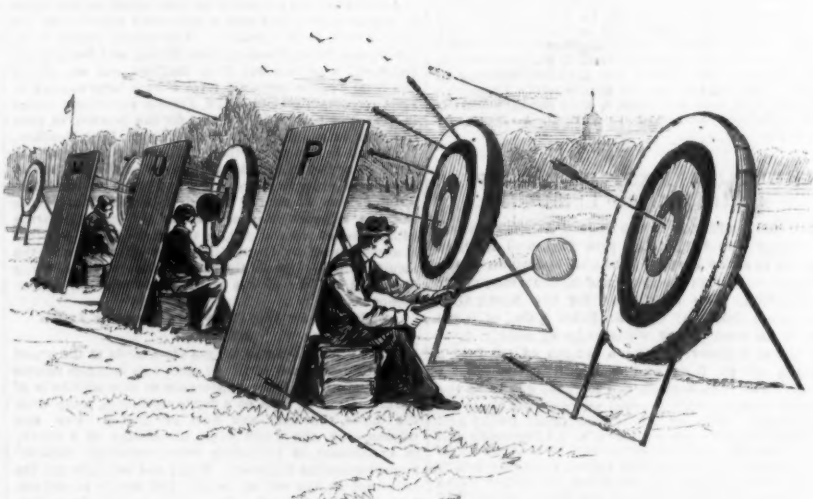
THE IRON SCREW-STEAMSHIP "ELBE," OF THE GERMAN LLOYD LINE, PLYING BETWEEN BREMEN AND NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 367.



LADIES SHOOTING AT THE SIXTY-YARD TARGETS.



CHANGING POSITIONS AT THE TARGETS.



SCORING A "GOLD."

NEW YORK.—THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION, AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 367.



GUITAU'S ENGLISH BULLDOG PISTOL.



THE ALDERNEY COW WHICH SUPPLIES MILK FOR THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

THE SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES, DON FRANCISCO BARCA; AND SEÑORA BARCA.

DON FRANCISCO BARCA is the descendant of an honorable and distinguished family, and was born in Puerto Royal, a delightful village of Andalusia. His early studies were conducted in Cadiz and Seville. At the age of thirteen he had made such progress that he was sent to Madrid, where ten years were spent in the Academia de Legislacion and in the Athenaeum de Madrid, having for college companions such as the now distinguished Canovas, Castellar and Martos.



R. A. PARKE, THE TICKET-AGENT WHO SEIZED
GUITAU AFTER THE SHOOTING.
SEE PAGE 361.

When twenty-three years old he was appointed to the position of first official in the Department of the Interior, under the first administration of Marshal O'Donnell. On the return to power of this illustrious general, Barca was elected Deputy for the first time, and attained a high reputation as a parliamentary orator. He took an active part in the revolution of 1868 which drove Queen Isabella from the throne, and voted against Amadeo of Italy, when that Prince was brought forward as a candidate for King. After the election of Amadeo, Señor Barca proclaimed himself a partisan of the Fusionists who favored the reconciliation of the old royal family under the banner of Prince Alfonso, the present King. As Secretary of the Secret Committee which directed the preparatory work of the restoration, he was one of the most active promoters of that movement. Upon the accession of Alfonso, Señor Barca was honored with the Grand Cross of "Isabel la Catolica," and was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Disliking the Conservative policy of the Canovas Cabinet, he resigned his office, and refused the nomination of Councilor of State. Since then he has given his adherence to the "centre-parlementaire," which to-day, with the friends of Martinez Campos, and with the old Constitutional Party, forms the Liberal Party, as opposed to the Conservatives, headed by Don Canovas.

Señor Barca, although figuring principally as an orator and high official, is also an author of much repute, having published a number of political works, and being now the director of an immense literary undertaking entitled "Diccionario General de Politica y Administracion."

Señora Dolores Valvade de Barca, whom the señor espoused in 1861, was born in Cadiz. Her father has been a Deputy to the Cortes, and for several terms Mayor of the city, and is now engaged in the banking business. She was educated in convents both in England and Belgium. She is the mother of two

children, daughters. The eldest, Isabel, is married to a French gentleman, and the other has just been taken from the convent in France, where she was pursuing her education.



JAMES AND HENRY A. GARFIELD.

children, daughters. The eldest, Isabel, is married to a French gentleman, and the other has just been taken from the convent in France, where she was pursuing her education.

THE ALLEGED SICILIAN BANDIT.

AN Italian, claiming to be a fruit-vender, named Vincenzo Rebello, arrived in New York on Tuesday, July 12th, from New Orleans, where he had been arrested at the instigation of the Italian Government, which charges that he is Giuseppe Esposito, alias Randazzo, the famous Sicilian bandit. Arrived at New York, he was first taken to Ludlow Street Jail, and then, still manacled and surrounded by detectives, was arraigned before Commissioner Osborne. He answers the description of Esposito furnished by the Italian Government. He is apparently thirty-six years old, five feet four inches in height, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has a broad forehead, a pleasant face, black hair, mustache and full beard, and hazel eyes. A scar, such as a small, sharp knife might have made, is on his forehead.

The complaint was read to him by an interpreter. He denied all knowledge of the crime it charged. He said that his name is Vincenzo Rebello, that he is thirty-nine years old, and that he is master of a fruit-vessel named the *Sicily*, which runs to New Orleans, and that he trades in fruit in New Orleans. He had no counsel, and Mr. Lorenzo Ullo was assigned to defend him.

On Wednesday he was again taken before United States Commissioner Osborne. Counsel for the Italian Consulate presented depositions taken at Palermo, reciting the charges on which Esposito's extradition is sought. Counsel then asked for two weeks' time, saying he was informed that a photograph of Esposito and two witnesses who could identify him were now on their way from Italy.

Dr. Ullo, for the prisoner, asked for an immediate examination. The prisoner, he said, claims to be Vincenzo Rebello, thirty-nine years old. One of the Italian warrants introduced accused Giuseppe Esposito, aged thirty years, another accused Giuseppe Randazzo, aged forty-six, and a third Giuseppe Esposito, alias Randazzo, aged forty. The prisoner could not be all three, and no certainty that he was any one of the three was averred by the prosecution. He had been forcibly

taken from his wife and six-months-old child without being permitted to bid them farewell. A witness from New Orleans was ready to testify that the prisoner had lived there three years, whereas, one of the crimes of which Esposito is accused was committed only two years ago. Dr. Ullo demanded that the prisoner be sent back to New Orleans, where his witnesses were, and said he had already telegraphed to the United States Circuit Judge at New Orleans to learn if he could get a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Commissioner Osborne adjourned the hearing until Monday, July 18th, and directed the detective who arrested the prisoner to produce a watch and \$340 taken from him. The most famous of Esposito's many crimes is the

capture, in November, 1876, of John Forrester Rose, an English clergyman, for whose ransom he demanded \$5,000. The demand was forwarded to Mrs. Rose, in England, with a threat that her husband would be tortured to death if the ransom was not paid. It was not paid at once, and Mr. Rose's ears were cut off successively and forwarded to his wife, with a threat that he would be sent to her piecemeal unless she paid the ransom. She managed to raise the money, and her husband was released. The English Government represented this outrage strongly to the Italian Government. Soldiers were sent into the Sicilian Mountains, and Esposito was taken, with other prisoners, and his band was broken up. He escaped from a prison-van on his way to court. Another of the charges against him is the premeditated murder of Santo Esposito. As to the report that the New Orleans prisoner is not Esposito, one of the detectives said: "The Italian police know the man they want, and what would be the use of our bringing them the wrong man?"

In the United States Marshal's office a representative of the *Progress* was present, determined to discover, beyond any possibility of doubt, if the prisoner was really the sought-for brigand Randazzo. In order to succeed in this intention, he was accompanied by one of his countrymen, who, at the time of the trial of the Leone band, was at Palermo, and had many opportunities of getting close to him. Esposito had scarcely entered before



THE ALLEGED ESPOSITO, ITALIAN BANDIT,
CAPTURED IN NEW ORLEANS.



DON FRANCISCO BARCA, SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTO. BY DAVIS, WASHINGTON.



SEÑORA DOLORES VALVADE DE BARCA, WIFE OF THE SPANISH MINISTER.
FROM A PHOTO. BY ALVIACH & CO., MADRID.

this man recognized him in the most positive manner. In fact, without his absolute identification of the malefactor, after the description that he gave of him a few moments before his arrival, any one might be able to recognize him without a possibility of mistake.

On the other hand, his counsel expect to prove that he passed through New York on his way to New Orleans in 1876, the year in which the real Zeposito is said to have led Leone's brigands.

The Story of Griscom's Fast.

On the 12th instant, John H. Griscom completed his fast of forty-five days, and took his first meal in the presence of some two hundred spectators. When he entered upon his fast, Griscom was a powerful man, and apparently the last person in the world to be suspected of a desire to live on air alone. Drs. Tucker, Pingree, Curtis, Lyman and Fuller, well-known physicians, and the usual number of watchers and assistants, remained with him, and for a fortnight or more were kept busy in discussing the philosophy of starvation. On this subject Griscom's volubility was at first something marvelous. He holds that abstinence from food will cure almost all the ills of the flesh, and declares that it has benefited him greatly in the past, the only complaint which has not yielded to it yet being catarrh. He has wished it to be distinctly understood that the only object of the experiment was to show that fasting could be done easily. He would not have his followers attempt to endure what he had, but he wished people to get in the habit of refusing food forty-eight hours at a time, claiming that it would soon be found beneficial and therefore become a general practice. For about two weeks Griscom maintained the highest spirits, never admitting that there was a doubt of his complete success, and sometimes going so far as to declare that he would not taste food for sixty days, and that, although he had then not tasted a mouthful for a fortnight, no dish, however tempting, could induce him to break his fast or cause even a wish so to do. He lost flesh rapidly, but not enough to change his appearance in a marked degree, and as for his strength, he has at no time been so weak as to be a subject of concern to his watchers. He took many long walks, accompanied by his watchers, and during the extremely hot weather indulged in several rides on the lake. In his rambles about town he outwalked his attendants, who were sustained by three meals a day, and seldom returned to his rooms until they were completely exhausted. His sole diet during the forty-five days consisted of about thirty-two ounces of water each twenty-four hours.

On the fortieth day, when asked if he felt any weakness, he replied that he did not, except that he had no disposition to exert his physical powers. Mentally he was as vigorous as ever. He then took the dynamometer out of a table drawer, and gave it a squeeze, producing a result which several of the visitors were unable to equal. Griscom's loss in weight was 49½ pounds. Dr. Tanner lost 36½ pounds in forty days. On the first day of the fast Griscom's pulse was 84 and his temperature 100, and on the last day the pulse was 66 and the temperature 98. The total amount of water drunk by Griscom was 1,433 ounces. His loss in weight was a fraction over a pound and one-tenth per day.

As to the genuineness of the fast, there is as yet no evidence that it has not been exactly what it has pretended to be. The physicians and professors who have attended Griscom are men who are not suspected of any knowledge, at least, of trickery in the matter, and just how there could be such trickery is not now apparent. In speaking on this subject, Griscom called attention to the fact that Professor Vaughan, of Ann Arbor, had made an examination of his excretions, and testified that there was no evidence of any nutriment. The presumption is that the feat has been accomplished as claimed.

Professor Curtis has made careful examinations of Griscom's physical condition each day since the fast commenced, and declares that he has made some discoveries which will be of benefit to the scientific world. One of the most interesting and valuable features of the fast, from a scientific standpoint, has been the study of the blood corpuscles. Examination disclosed the fact that the blood of the faster was breaking up, or becoming disorganized. Griscom complained that it was stagnant. Professor Curtis says that the idea that the corpuscles are surrounded by a membrane has been effectually exploded. His other observations in relation to the blood and the urine, he says, will be of interest to the medical profession, and will be made public in due time.

The "Machine" in Bulgaria.

ALTHOUGH the Bulgarian elections resulted in favor of Prince Alexander, the so-called "national" party secured a strong representation in the Legislature. The Prince seems to have managed the elections on the "machine" plan throughout, and must be regarded as a "boss" of the highest order. The Constitution of Bulgaria provides that it shall have a Christian Government and a national militia. Prince Alexander shows that he has a definite idea as to the proper use of this latter institution. Just before the elections he published a decree declaring that at every polling place "a military sub-commission will take care that the elections are 'regular,'" and that these military gentlemen were not to mind the electoral law, but to act on their own judgment. All the Prince's favorites and dependents and the office-holders electioneered zealously in behalf of his candidates, and in Bulgaria the word electioneer has a much broader significance than here even. The peasantry were either frightened into voting as the Prince wished, or deterred from voting for opposition candidates in many districts, and the Turkish population, hating the Christian Bulgarians, voted almost unanimously against the constitutional party. The Prince explains his somewhat arbitrary behavior by declaring that he is trying to make a Bulgaria for the Bulgarians, and to break up and expel "the set of worthless, selfish people who would terrorize over and expatriate all who oppose their ring, who do nothing for the good of the country, abuse my (his) name, ruin the country, and violate the Constitution." In short, disliking the "half-republican Constitution," and distrusting the men who have been most prominent in the Assembly and his Cabinets, Prince Alexander has decided on a seven years' dictatorship for the good of the country. His intentions may be honest, but it is hard to believe him.

A late dispatch reports that seven thousand troops are concentrated at Sistova for the protection of the new Bulgarian Assembly. Prince Alexander lives on board a gunboat in the Danube. His former ministers have taken refuge in Roumania.

ONE of the handsomest and completest guide-books of the season is that of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. It embodies everything in the way of information that can be desired by travelers and tourists to pleasure resorts most easily reached by the Central Railroad, the New Jersey Southern Railway, and their numerous branches and divisions. The book is handsomely illustrated, pictures in silhouette making nearly every page attractive. Copies of the book can be had free on application at the Office of the Company.

FUN.

AMERICA is the cradle of liberty, and so we rocket on the Fourth.

A FIG was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.

THE man who went to see the board fence, returned when he heard the fence rail and saw the plank walk.

A MAN in the suburbs has found a bed of remarkably fine clay on his property, but is undecided whether to start a brickyard or a French candy factory.

AN amusing story is told of a lady, a Roman Catholic, who, in her last illness, promised the priest to leave him a sum of money for charitable uses. When she was dying, she bequeathed the priest to come nearer to the bedside, and gasped out: "Father—I've—given—you." "Stay," said the priest, anxious to have as many witnesses as possible to the expected statement—"I will call in the family," and opening the door, he beckoned them all in. "I've given you," repeated the old lady with increasing difficulty, "given—you—a great deal of trouble."

A REVEREND gentleman in Aberdeenshire, having been summoned before his Presbytery for tipping, one of his elders, the constant participator of his orgies, was summoned to appear as a witness against him. "Weel, John," said a member of the reverend court, "did you ever see the accused worse of drink?" "Weel, I wat no," answered John: "I've mony a time seen him the better o't, but never seen him drunk." "That's what I'll ne'er see," replied the elder; "for lang before he's half sickened I'm aye blind fou."

IN a breach of promise suit in London recently, where the defendant was cast in heavy damages, the best his counsel could say of him was that he was such an egregious donkey that the lady, instead of asking for compensation, ought to be glad of her escape. He read some letters which illustrated his views. One of them, addressed to his beloved object, was quite unique as a billet-doux: "I had a bit of beef to-day. I wish you were here to have a bit. It would be nice cold, with some of the pickled walnuts of your mother's. Tell her to save me a few. I know you will help yourself, for you are such a girl for vinegar."

NOTHING angers the average Irishman so much as seeing a Chinaman working for his living; so it is not to be wondered at that on the road between San Rafael and Sausalito laborers out of work got very irate recently at seeing a gang of Chinamen building a kiln of about 800,000 newly made bricks. Fired with desperation, the McGraths and O'Roonys determined to ruin the invading Mongolian. "It's building a brick house and carrying a hod, the dairy loafers are," cried Miles McGinnis; "and, byes, we'll be after burning that same house down to-night if it's all night we work." They noticed that there were several interstices in the layers of the bricks, especially near the ground, and the emigrants from County Cork resolved to burn the entire structure to the ground. They accordingly passed the following night in hauling wood from the foothills, which they inserted under the bricks and ignited. The astute heathens were slightly surprised at finding the kiln perfectly burnt next morning, but they smiled that indigenous Tartar grin, pocketed their coin and murmured: "Mellon man heap good to Chinaman—dam fool all same."

DREADFUL PAROXYSMS OF ASTHMA.

"I WAS having dreadful paroxysms of asthma when the COMPOUND OXYGEN came. I am very grateful to inform you that in that respect I am greatly relieved." Testimonial on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DR. STARKLEY & FALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A COLLEGE student in rendering to his father an amount of his term expenses, inserted: "To charity, \$300." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INDIGESTION.

WE have used HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in cases of indigestion, with good results. Olney, Ills. DR. MARSHALL & LONGACRE.

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And with the boys they have CASTORIA.
It is a fact—there is no "maybe"—
A mother's milk can't save the baby;
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

WE have examined the rifle advertised by G. H. W. BATES & Co., Boston, and find it as represented, and the firm reliable.—Com.

HIGHFIELD'S ARCHERY, for which PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau Street, New York, are sole agents, is the favorite with the winners in the recent National Tournament.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

HUB PUNCH is handy to have in the house.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
MESSRS. WM. B. RIKER & SON:
Your FACE POWDER is superb. It shall always form part of my toilet. FANNY DAVENPORT.

LEADING MEMBERS

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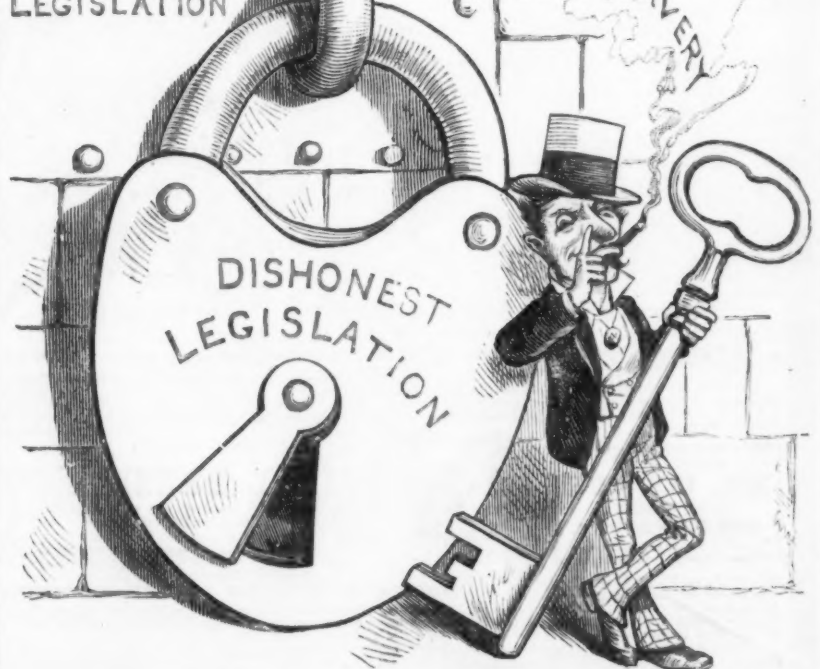
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